



John Waldie

*Novels and
Romances.*

No.

568

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222 Memoirs of the Marquis de Villebon, in a Series of Letters.
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MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARQUIS DE VILLEBON,
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.

A
NOVEL
FOUNDED ON FACTS;
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MEMOIRS





MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARQUIS DE VILLEBON.



LETTER I.

Dover.

MY dearest Mother will be delighted at receiving a Letter from me, dated on this side the water. I came over under the protection of Monsieur le Marquis de Cologne, who, you must remember, I have very often named to you formerly, when our letters went more regularly. I

Vol. I.

B

had

had likewise the supreme felicity of being accompanied by the friend of my heart, Louisa Conway, who I hope to have the pleasure of introducing to you in a few days. We are prevented from travelling fast, as she is in so bad a state of health, that she is forced to rest upon the road, and to proceed by short stages. We only landed last night at Dover; and I cannot describe to you my sensations at the moment, after dangers and difficulties which I shall not speak of till we meet. There was something extremely comfortable in the contrast that presented itself, and the placid countenances we met upon these happy shores of true freedom, and those we had so recently turned our backs upon: massacre, and terror, were written upon the face of every Frenchman in Paris. I have tales to relate which will surprise and shock you; of husbands and fathers torn from their wretched wives and orphans;—but I will not damp your joy at being put out of suspence upon my account,



count, by dwelling upon the scenes I have been witness to. Let us be thankful to the great Disposer of all events for the merciful goodness we have received at his hands. I long most impatiently to fling myself into your arms, and trust there will be no impediments arise to prevent its occurring in a short time. Adieu, my dearest madam.

Your most dutiful daughter,

AUGUSTA SELWAY.



LETTER II.

Miss Selway to Monsieur de Cologne.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU kindly expressed a wish to hear of us upon our arrival, and I take the earliest moment of complying with your obliging request.

It is with infinite satisfaction that I inform you how much better our protégée Louisa bore the journey than we expected. We were five days upon the road. My mother was anxiously looking out for us, and was beyond measure transported when she beheld me. I had the happiness of finding

finding her not in the least altered in appearance from what she was five years ago. I told you, I believe, that Mr. Aubrey was her first love, though her second husband. Prudential motives induced my grandfather to refuse giving him his consent, and to recommend my father to her. As she had a great esteem for him, and was under great awe of her parents, she gave him her hand; and luckily she had no cause to repent, as they were happier than people generally are, who come together without mutual affection. He died when I was a child, and left it his request that I should be educated abroad; and that her tenderness to me might not occasion her interrupting my improvement, he made a point of her not accompanying me thither. Poor man! had he known the real advantage of a mother in France, he would not have made such a restriction.

She had a very excellent jointure, and as Mr. Aubrey was still single, it was not

unnatural but they should form an alliance; and they are certainly at this moment, by all accounts, the happiest couple in the whole world.

They have purchased a pretty cottage, near Swansea, in South-Wales; he having a great partiality to that country, as it was there he became acquainted with my mother. He has a very good house in town, but the Bath waters are at present thought necessary for him, and he intends going there this winter; which gives me hopes of meeting you, as you said you should certainly be there in December. I hope you have already seen your son, and that you have been fortunate enough to get over all your remittances in safety.

My mother begs her most grateful compliments, in which she is joined by Mr. Aubrey, and my dear Louisa; and we are unanimous in wishing that you
would

[7]

would contrive to give us your company
here.

I am, dear Sir,

Much yours,

AUGUSTA SELWAY.



LETTER III.

Monsieur de Cologne to Miss Selway.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM, this moment, honoured by your welcome Epistle, and I congratulate you with all my heart upon the convalescence of Miss Conway, and I hope she will have no relapse, but that her health and spirits may both be restored to her perfectly.

In obedience to your commands, I will speak to you a little of myself: I went immediately after I had the misfortune of losing my fair companions, to my banker's, and found all my remittances in safety. I found also by drafts of my son's that he
was

was at Lord Ansley's, (his late mother's brother, who lives in Staffordshire) and I intend joining them as soon as I have arranged some business. I have met with vast numbers of my countrymen, and am astonished at the immense collections that have been made for the Emigrants. I am impatient to see your Minister, who I have often heard compared to our *Sully*; this is my third time of being in England, and I have a multitude of my wife's relations to find out, whom I have heard nothing of since the troubles in my unhappy country first began; at that time, I was among those who wished the government of France to be less despotic, and more moderate; but I dreaded the *beginning* of such a reform, as there is too often vast blood-shed, and convulsions the most violent, before any capital alteration can take place in a large country; therefore there should be great caution before amendments should be undertaken, as France has been a miserable instance of; it surprises me to observe among the de-

mocrats so many of the ci-devant noblesse of France; but perhaps from terror originally, or badness of heart, they sacrificed their families, and joined with a desperate banditti, and possibly to avoid the guillotine, for how otherwise can one account for the infatuation of men in high rank giving up their dignities, their fortunes, and their principles to link with such monsters; but I will not in my very indifferent English talk politics to you my young friend, who have so lately seen such direful effects; and have been eye witness to such scenes of cruelty; I will let your mind rest, and be at peace in the happy circle you describe. You bid me write to you in my own language; but I am disobedient because I love to perfect myself in the English. I am indebted to my dear wife for what little knowledge I have of it. She was, as I have before told you, a native of this country, and of one of the first families in it; I became enamoured of her while her father was Embassador at the French court,

court, and I thank heaven for the many years of happiness we enjoyed together, though they are gone by, alas! My son much resembled her, when I last saw him, and I hope he is not grown out of a resemblance that will doubly endear him to me. His education is now finished, and I have heard that he has done great credit to the pains that have been taken to accomplish him. He speaks English admirably, and can pronounce with facility your consonants that are so difficult to foreigners. Pray, my dear Miss Selway, with my best compliments and thanks, say to Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, that I will certainly some time or other pay my respects to them. And I am, with the most cordial good wishes to yourself and friend,

Your most faithful,

Humble servant,

JEAN DE COLOGNE.

LETTER IV.

Miss Conway to Miss Willoughby.

Burton Cottage.

IT is many months, my dear friend, since I have had it in my power to send you, or my Aunt, any intelligence respecting myself; and you must, of course, have been much alarmed at my being so long in that land of barbarians. Ever since our convent was demolished, I have been in a little lodging in Paris, where I took refuge with my dear Augusta Selway, whom I have so often mentioned to you, as being my chosen friend. We thought it expedient to be in a very humble way, and to be very quiet in a country, where,

if

if you look but on the wrong side of the way, your head is devoted to the guillotine. We had been lucky, before Paris was in this state of anarchy and confusion to be frequently in company with the Marquis de Cologne, who is a Man of about fifty, and the least of a Frenchman of any one I ever saw; he married the daughter of an English nobleman, and has not only contracted the manners of her country, but really the frankness, which being tempered with the *ci-devant* politesse of the French, renders him a most pleasant gentleman. It is extraordinary that he should have been resident so long in Paris since the rebellion began, without being an object of mistrust, or jealousy; notwithstanding his connexions here, and that it was well known how great a favourite he was of the late King's, and that he never had by any chance altered his principles. Lately however, it was whispered to him that something had transpired much to his disadvantage among the national convention; and as he

he knew they do not take time to weigh matters, neither do they exercise upon any occasion either justice or lenity, he thought it advisable to make a rapid retreat; leaving his estates to the care of his steward, who, he apprehends, will be forced to abandon the charge to avoid the guillotine. His son is educated in England, in order that he might be as little of a Frenchman as possible. The Marquis immediately communicated to us, the necessity there was of his escaping without loss of time, and that he had formed a plan for that very night, lest he should be arrested, if he delayed it. He offered us his protection, and we consented most joyfully to trust ourselves with him. Accordingly, we left Paris that very evening, unperceived; and procured with very high bribes, passports: of course we disguised ourselves; notwithstanding, at Calais, we were all taken before the Mayor, and ordered into security. You may suppose how much we were alarmed for our lives, and especially for the poor

Marquis,

Marquis, whose face had been so frequently seen en passant there; as far as my own danger went, I certainly was not a coward, for I had been so miserable, and at the same time, for a long while in such an ill state of health, that I was indifferent what became of me after I was once in the hands of these savages; all I hoped was, that I should die a natural death, but I had then little reason to expect it. However, Providence released us from this irksome situation soon. We were one night awoke by the Marquis, who told us to rise, that we had not a moment to lose; if we were not expeditious we were undone. You may guess that we were as little tardy as possible in obeying the summons. We were on the quay in a quarter of an hour, and there was only one miserable boat that we could unchain, into which we immediately trusted ourselves upon the wide ocean in one of the darkest nights I ever remember. The Marquis was a famous sailor; he understood steering; we found a little
bit

bit of a fail, and as the wind was not against us, we reached Dover the next evening, when I was more dead than alive, first with sea-sickness; and when landed, so many different sensations overpowered me, I fainted away almost the moment in which I set my foot upon my native land. My friends were so kind to stop at Dover some days upon my account, though I intreated Monsieur de Cologne to leave me with Augusta, and with my French maid Annette; however we all travelled together as far as London, and then we took our leave of the Marquis, and proceeded by slow degrees to Miss Selway's mother's in South Wales. I ought to have told you in what manner our escape was effected; the Marquis gave an entertainment to all our guards, and intoxicated them to such a degree, by infusing into the bowls of liquor, a sufficient quantity of laudanum, to quiet them for a convenient number of hours. He had not time to tell us this, nor did it even occur to us to enquire till we were safe in

in Dover, so terrified and agitated were we; and so busy with the little bark was he upon our voyage over. We were wet through, and almost starved; we had touched nothing but bread in our confinement, and you may suppose that in my state, I wanted particularly nourishment. Our friend is endowed with extreme strength of body as well as mind, and he was wonderfully chearful notwithstanding the estates he had quitted, and the uncertainty of finding large remittances that he had made. After we separated from our worthy companion, we travelled in great security and comfort, by slow stages, to Mrs. Aubrey's. I found her a most charming woman, extremely handsome, even yet with an air so commanding, and at once so interesting and feminine, that I was struck with admiration and affection. Her joy at her daughter's approach, overcame her; they fainted in each other's arms. When she recovered, she fell upon her knees, and thanked heaven, and most fervently and piously

piously did she offer thanksgiving to the Almighty who had thus restored to her through so many perils and dangers, her beloved daughter. I was wrapped up in contemplating, as well as my hurry of spirits, and the flurry I was in would allow, her figure, her feelings, and our late most lamentable situation. We all wept, not from sadness, but from sympathetic joy, from a sensation which is indescribable. Mr. Aubrey is a gentlemanly pleasing man; in short, the whole family appear to me charmingly amiable.

As for myself, I endeavour to join in their mirth, (for they are all gaily at present) but alas! I feel a greater propensity to reflect upon the things that are past; the horrid scenes I have left behind have made an indelible impression upon me. The number of dear friends I have lost, of pleasant acquaintances, whom I have known guillotined; and the wives, daughters, and sisters whom I have helped to console; these retrospective views crowd

crowd upon my mind ; though I am most thankful for the miraculous escape I have had, yet the remembrance of what preceded it, perpetually brings it back with all it's horrors to my presence ; and I cannot be cheerful. My Augusta strains every nerve to enliven me, but I am sorry to say, in vain. At times my own forlorn prospects add to my other melancholy reflections. My helpless situation without a mother to guide me ! It is a sad thing for a young woman to have had that loss ; I think of the two worse, than even being deprived of a father. But I am not competent to judge, having lost mine so early. I dread being of age, I dread being mistress of myself without any particular point to steer to ; I know not how to enter into business, and have no friend to employ in my money matters ; the acquaintance of my dear parents will have no doubt forgotten me ; I must have therefore to force myself into their remembrance. In short, my entrée into life seems formidable ; but you will think

I am

I am become a sad croaker; indeed I was naturally (as I believe you can testify) of a very contented disposition, but no young person ever had their views and schemes in life so cruelly cut off. The world is become a chaos to me. I have, however, endeavoured to fortify myself in the midst of my gloomy reflections upon the past, by a reliance and hope of protection and guidance from that Providence, that has hitherto preserved me; and it is no small satisfaction to me, that I shall not only be independent, but enabled by the ample fortune I am about to possess, to administer comforts to numbers around me. This idea at least makes me thankful for my affluence, though it does not heal an aching heart like mine. You will think I send you a very dismal ditty, and yet my lamentations as they are accompanied by information of my safety, will, I know, be acceptable to you and my Aunt. I have much to say of what I have seen, much to relate of what I have felt; oh, this
dire-

direful revolution! where, when will it end! I purpose being with you as soon as my friends here think I have had bathing sufficient; at present the journey is more than I could so soon again bear; from my Aunt's, I shall go to London, and have the dreaded meeting with my guardians; I shall in six weeks be of age: they have never been much annoyed by me, but they made some complaints of my expences while at the convent. It was utterly impossible to be an œconomist there, even if there had been any particular occasion for my being so. There were so many masters, so many impositions; I had such a routine perpetually of engagements, owing to my having at first been so much introduced, (for which I think myself indebted to Lord Edgemore,) that really my expences were unavoidable. Convents, where girls are upon the footing we were, are most terrible things I really think; no care as to their religion, or observance of it, if you are a Protestant. The pensioners

sioners were in every respect their own mistresses; if they conformed to a particular hour, which was the rule at our house, they might be otherwise free agents. I have experienced myself so much freedom, that if they were to be again in existence as before, I would not for all the world send a daughter to be educated there. I conceive, that the very independent life they lead, is seldom expected by parents who trust their daughters at such a distance from them. The dissipated life of one part of the family, and the rigid forms and manners of the other, form a striking contrast; but it is, I should suppose, now unnecessary to inveigh against this sort of education, for it will be a century or two, I believe, before people will again think France a proper place to send their children to, upon a plan of improvement.—Farewell my dear Cousin; I look forward with extreme impatience, for the moment of our meeting, to that in which I shall embrace the first

first companion of my youth, and my
dear good Aunt.

Yours most affectionately,

LOUISA CONWAY.



LETTER V.

Mr. Freeman to Sir Thomas Stanhope.

DEAR TOM,

Swansea.

You will, I know, be diverted to hear that we are all come to a little stupid town such as this, where the sea-bathing is not inviting, and we know not a single creature in the whole principality of Wales : the fact is, as you will guess, we are devilish short of cash just now, so that we are better suited than at any of the fashionable watering places ; (that is Danby and myself,) Wentworth agreed to belong to us upon our promising to be very sober, &c. He knows, and admires the country around us of all things ;
and

and to confess the truth, the drives and rides are very beautiful, and we go somewhere every morning; and after dinner, we have limited ourselves to a bottle of claret each; so this temperance, and going to bed very early, will, it is to be hoped, recruit at once our health and our finances, against the season comes round for shaking the dice-box, &c. &c. in the delightful metropolis again. We are now and then amused by our landlady; (for you are to know, we have luckily got a lodging that contains us and our servants,) the people's names are Llewelyn, and they speak so *Welchified*, that I can hardly understand their clipped words; the woman frequently makes us presents from her garden, and makes nothing of *bringing them in* after dinner herself, which is somewhat annoying, as she talks faster than a mag-pie. One wet day last week, she came in, and really was very amusing; she gave us the histories of all the people in the country: she offered to take us to Mr. Talbot's fine

place somewhere, and to his *other* seat somewhere else, where an Orangerie, she assured us was to be seen, "worth crossing the *Alps* for; that once belonged to her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth." She further wished to accompany us to Neath, where is to be seen, a very beautiful place called the Knoll. In short, "she was intimate with all the gardeners and housekeepers about, and they would all shew her the curiosities *for nothing*, if we would go." Upon our present plan, the viewing things valuable, *gratis*, might have had its due weight; but it must have had the additional inducement of a pleasanter companion than Mrs. Llewelyn. You will think Tom, that we must be in a piteous case, to endure her gabble a moment; but though it is sometimes a bit of a bore, we are now and then made to laugh by her oddity, and that, situated as we are for three months, is no small point gained. Possibly you will suspect that she is a beauty; but do not harbour suspicions upon that score, for she is a mighty hideous

deous little trundle. She has a short fat person, with great goggling grey eyes, without the smallest attempt at an eye brow; her cheeks a mottled kind of fiery red; her front teeth she has had the misfortune to lose, which has taught her an awkward trick, of putting up her hand to her mouth, every time she grins, which she does incessantly. This *candid* history of the person, &c. of Mrs. Llewelyn, will, I trust, set you at rest for the peace of her husband, who keeps a very profitable trading vessel between this and London. She has a daughter up in the garret, whom we have never seen, but we hear her playing lessons on the pianoforte, and singing very frequently; we have bets, whether it is for her beauty, or her resemblance to her mother, that she is so cruelly shut up;—the odds are, that one or other of us find out in time. I often see her dinner carrying up stairs; she never goes out till the hours the bats make their appearance, and then her mother's maid accompanies her.

To-morrow we mean to go to the rooms, they must be pretty sort of things truly, but we go upon our old plan, to laugh, and I should think the Taffies will some of them furnish us with an opportunity. The Misses who come to dip in this yellow sea, go about such figures, that it is quite a treat to see them, they are at least in fashion twenty years behind hand. The lower sort of people here, are the dirtiest creatures I ever beheld, which, from the neat appearance of their cottages on the *outside*, you would not believe. There is a very smoaky atmosphere at times hereabouts, and I fancy it must be unhealthy, owing to the coal-pits, &c. and the look of the sea, occasioned by the colour of its sand, makes the bathing by no means tempting. The country around Swansea, is extremely beautiful, and the views in South Wales are wonderfully picturesque. The vales are very rich, and the hills on each side are delightfully interspersed with thick woods, and the cleanest looking

ing white cottages, and they form a most pleasing contrast, and seem quite enchanting, after the dreary mountains that precede them. The scenes are neither so magnificent, nor so bold, as those in North Wales, but each are exquisitely fine in their different styles. You see that I am not absolutely fixed upon abusing *every thing* I see, but I am disappointed as to the bathing, having been accustomed to the open shores at Weymouth, and the *delicious* company at Brighton: this therefore as a watering place, appears to me execrable. Now I am going to dress for the rooms, and for my own sake, as well as yours, I hope to be able to conclude my letter with panegyric, instead of *satire*.

Would you believe it Tom, I am returned very much satisfied with the evening I have spent; I have danced with a most lovely woman, a Miss Selway; and, what was something odd, an old ac-

quaintance of Wentworth's. She is the daughter, by a first husband, of a Mrs. Aubrey, who lives near this place, and she (together with another young lady who was of the party) has been educated in France, but their convent was destroyed, and they have since made their exit with a French nobleman, whose apprehensions of the guillotine, drove him from Paris. Miss Conway, the companion to my charmer, and a particular friend of Wentworth's, is a very fine woman, and has a most interesting manner, but she is rather too languishing, or *piano*, for my taste. The other is much more lively and animating; besides, she is of the middling stature; her friend is too tall, her features too regular; however, we have divided opinions upon this subject; Danby agrees with Wentworth, that Miss Selway is not to be mentioned with her friend, but they allow, that when she speaks, she has the most engaging countenance, and for my part, I never saw one I thought so brilliant. They have

have rather too much the dress, and figure altogether, of French women, but it is impossible to have lived so long among any set of people, without in some degree, contracting their appearance and manners. They speak with great horror of the scenes they have left behind; they seem to think, that there are vast numbers of Loyalists, if they had dared declare themselves. It seems to me, that if the Aristocrats had made a party, and been unanimous in their proceedings, they might have saved their King, and crushed the faction. Now it is too late to hope even for the Republic to be changed, they are so cautious, that you must not speak twice to your friend in Paris, without being suspected of plotting something against the state.

Aubrey is the name of Miss Selway's mother, she being married to a second husband. They are all very pleasant people; we supped together after the dance, and which is commonly the case

where people have been much in the world, we became at once very much acquainted. Miss Selway never once said she should be glad to see us, at which I was mortified, though it would not have been the etiquette to be sure. Mr. Aubrey, when we parted, said he should do himself the honor of waiting upon us. By my saying so much you will really be alarmed for my heart, but in truth, my friend, I have been as much in love at first sight, about an hundred times, and at the second interview, it has gone off like a shot; I hope to have the same good fortune this time, for I detest the thoughts of matrimony, and should, if my wife was an angel, be tired of her in a week; with these sentiments, I should be a great rascal to win the affections of any woman, or to think of matrimony.

Miss Conway is in a bad state of health, and did not venture to dance; she and Wentworth sat by, tete á tete, the whole evening; I thought the gentleman looked
much

much embarrassed at the rencôtre, but I discovered no particular emotions but civility in the lady's countenance. He told us when we came home, that of all the women in the world, she was most dear to him, but that she had a prior attachment, and therefore love was a subject he never talked to her upon; she has an aunt, and some other relations of her mother's, living in Yorkshire, but that her father was a West Indian, and she was his only child; she is just coming of age, and will be mistress of a very large fortune. Wentworth is afraid that there is at present some tale of woe belonging to her history, since he was in Paris; for three years ago, he used to meet her at all the assemblies in very good spirits; but that upon his way home he passed through Paris, and found her the most dejected of human beings; I *comforted* him with the *hope* that her lover might have been guillotined out of the way; but as he is no Frenchman, he shuddered at the idea, and reproved me for the le-

yity I discovered. He said she mentioned having lost several dear friends since the confusion in that unhappy country, and seemed to account for the dejection he had seen her in, from the scenes that had so recently passed around her; but I have swelled my letter to an immoderate size, and you possibly would have been equally pleased with less of my nonsense: I must just add, that I have been to Cardiff since I commenced my Epistle; and they shewed me where Robert, Duke of Normandy was twenty-eight years confined by his brother, Henry I. and it is said, had his eyes put out in a red-hot copper basin. I wish you would join our party; Danby says we are all very stupid, and I am of opinion that it is he then who infects us; after all, a set of fellows who have been accustomed to lounge all the morning in St. James's Street, Pall-Mall, and Bond-Street; and to spend every evening at Brooks's, &c. are devilish bad companions when out of their latitude,
and

and something subject to ennui. I seem, however, to anticipate some very agreeable days, through our acquaintance with this family: should I continue *my adoration* of the fair theme of my present song, you shall hear the miracle incontinently.

Adieu,

Yours,

CHARLES FREEMAN.



LETTER VI.

From Miss Willoughby to Miss Conway.

Willoughby Place.

IT is not possible to describe, my dearest Louisa, the joy it afforded us to see once more your hand writing ; nor can I give you the least idea of the anxiety we have suffered for months upon your account. We fancied every thing that was dreadful, and my Aunt had a thousand *dreams* which (as you know she is a *little* superstitious) added every now and then to the horrors of her suspense. I pray God

you

you may soon find the bathing has sufficiently set you up to undertake a journey to friends who impatiently long to see you. We want to hear your plans, to hear again the sound of your dear voice; we have shed tears of joy and thankfulness ever since the welcome tidings of your safety arrived.

My Aunt bids me say how much indebted she feels to Monsieur de Cologne for his attention and tenderness to you. I had some months ago almost forsworn ever having any intercourse with the French again, but I have been more than once of late induced to alter my sentiments, and I am returned to my original opinion, that prejudices against a whole nation of people are equally absurd and illiberal; there are numbers of good and bad in all parts, and that there is a multitude of French people, who shudder at the proceedings in France, and reprobate the whole business we are daily convinced of. It happens that there are a
 (old w) number

number of Emigrants just now in this neighbourhood, some of whom have been particularly recommended to us. You remember some months before you left the convent, my telling you of a charming family that I met at Bath, and I had influence enough with them to bring them here to settle; I did not tell you their names, or indeed, that they were refugees, because I was afraid of the fate of my letter, and that it might fall upon any relations they have left behind. They have been in Germany ever since they had attended their King on his escape, at the time when the inn-keeper so inhumanely discovered him: they were suffered, in the confusion, to proceed; they have been a year and a half in England; and had contrived, with the assistance of their agents, &c. to get over a very large sum of money in safety to this kingdom, which they hoped to live upon in tolerable comfort for many years, let matters end well, or ill; but they have since opened their doors to such numbers of their relations (who

(who all adhered to their King while there was a possibility of being useful to his falling party) that they find their money very inadequate to the support of so very large a family, who have not a sou, or another possible asylum, but the hospitable roof of the unfortunate Marquis de Louvre, as they had only time to save their lives, and to bring away their children; bred up in the greatest splendour and accustomed to every luxury, they will soon, I fear, be without the most common necessities of life. The Marquis is in a very bad state of health, and I am afraid poor man he is sinking under his present misfortunes; one cannot but admire their generosity to their unfortunate relations, at the same time that one laments that the little competency they had secured for their own children should be declining very rapidly; and it is to be much apprehended, that the time is not far distant, when they themselves must feel distress in a pecuniary way. The Marchioness has charming spirits, for her natural

tural vivacity has not yet forsaken her; she has a very superior understanding, a most agreeable person, and, what is rather uncommon in a French woman, she is very neat, and never wears rouge. She has already four children, and, I am sorry to say, is likely to have another very shortly. They have taken a large house, not a great way from this place; and it is wonderful how much my Aunt has felt for the situation of these amiable persons; and how active she has been in redressing a number of little grievances, which they at first complained of: her antipathy to the French nation she has quite overcome since her intimacy with these aristocrats. We have it in our power to be of use in many little articles to them, from our garden, poultry yard, pigeon house, &c. &c. Poor souls! they have been obliged to part with the very valuable effects they contrived to bring away, such as their jewels, plate, &c.; of course, they have not been able to get the real value of such things, as persons who

who buy them, do it, I am sorry to say, less from compassion, than from gain. At the distance of another mile from hence, are also living in a small cottage, a most lovely couple; persons of high rank, who have likewise been driven by the troubles from their own country; and have actually little more left them than money sufficient to exist upon out of a fortune most immense. My Aunt's maid gave us this information, and at the same time said, their servant mentioned that they had no desire of being visited, and rather avoided seeing any body. I have, however, seen them walking frequently, and I never saw so dejected an object as this beautiful young man; whether he is unhappily married I do not know, or whether the loss of his estates, honors, &c. have the common effect upon him, I cannot tell; and I make no enquiries, as it is evident they do not chuse to have their situation made known.

I was

I was walking, with an acquaintance, in the avenue leading to this house, some days ago, when a violent shower drove us into a summer house my Aunt has erected for a sort of resting place to her neighbours; we were soon followed by these beautiful French people; and I spoke of the weather, &c. The gentleman observed almost a profound silence, and sighed and looked very miserable; I was willing however to try if he had made a resolution not to speak at all; I asked him, if this was his first time of being in England; he replied in the affirmative, but he said he had heretofore been happy in the acquaintance of many of our countrymen, and had even known ladies of this very county in which we were residing. Here his spirits seemed to fail him; and, as it struck me that he did not wish to be asked any more questions, I did not of course press him into further conversation. His air was very much of the man of fashion; much more so than I ever observed in a French-

Frenchman, for in general I have always thought their appearance bordered upon the petit maitre. She is a charming creature, but does not look in health, nor yet does she seem as miserable as her companion. I feel much interested for them, though they will not allow one to offer attentions, or consolation.

The neighbourhood are all very curious to see you, and I dare say will crowd round you as if you were a wild beast. Mrs. Penton, whom you may remember as the humble friend of Lady Edgemore, and moreover as an old maid, is particularly inquisitive; she came up to me the other day at an assembly where we met—"So I hear Miss Conway is come to England, I remember her, and indeed I remember her mother; I long vastly to see the young lady, and to hear her talk of the French, and their extraordinary machine for snapping off heads, dear me! how I long to hear all about it." Every body enquired for you, and
I fancy

I fancy you will not find yourself quite so forlorn as you suppose, but possibly, rather overdone with *old friends*; at least if you have as little relish for the acquaintance of indifferent people as I have;

My Aunt has lately had an opportunity of proving the goodness of her heart, and also the soundness of her judgment. Mr. Vincent, you must recollect, though ten years older than you; he has done me the honor lately, to make me an offer of his hand; he first applied to my Aunt, who referred him to me; she could make no objections to a man of his immense fortune, and good character; but prepared me for the interview, and hoped as she had given me this opportunity, that I would weigh it thoroughly, before I decided either way. She observed, my chance of happiness with a man I had known so many years, was much greater, than if I should form a hasty attachment. She reasoned very plausibly for an hour, and then repeated, that she hoped I

would

would follow my own inclination. The man is very rich, and is very good, but he is very precise, very old fashioned, and I have never dined there, even with large parties, that I have not felt happy and enlivened, when out of sight of his old fashioned hangings, and great overgrown dismal rooms. My dislike of them has increased in proportion as I have observed his attentions to me increase; for I can tell my Aunt, I saw what he was about this last winter, though his proposals surprised her: she wants to have me near her, but I told her, that I could not marry him, and she left me to give him his refusal, which I did, the first opportunity that occurred, for I hate that species of coquetry, that makes people lead one another on, when there are on neither side any serious intention. The world abounds with male flirts, who give women every reason to suppose they are in earnest, and when our sex have foolishly flung away their peace of mind, they fly like the butterfly to other objects,
and

and laugh at the mischief they have done; now this sort of being I should enjoy repaying in kind, and it would give me extreme pleasure to give pain upon all such occasions. Mr. Vincent, however, is quite another thing, and I would not keep him in suspense, or even let him fancy that I liked him upon any account. Love, certainly, is getting a good deal out of fashion; and I do not know whether to attribute it to the liberty we give the gentlemen now of being when they chuse in our presence, or to their being more than ever taken up with gambling, &c.; certain it is, that men now of the first fashion live so far beyond all bounds, that they are in the habit only of spending money, and cannot afford wives; and the ladies they meet are generally so extravagant, and such gamblers, as well as themselves, that they are thus only upon a plan of winning each other's money. The few moments that they are with each other, I am told, are employed in calculating odds,

odds, and the fine men will squabble with the fair sex for the value of a guinea, in the courtest manner, and as if they were p'aying with black legs. Formerly, there was such a thing as polite conversation; but really if women will so far forget themselves as to admit of these freedoms, it is not to be wondered that all respect ceases. And as to *love*, I am persuaded, as I remarked before, that there is no such thing in the beau monde; a little Miss from a boarding school comes piping hot from shirking novels to read, and dies and sighs till she is taken to these routes, and then after a time, she becomes as eager upon the subjects of cards and dice, as her mamma was before her, unless she unhappily keeps her romantic turn, and then if the fine men that are setting out should, "*pour passer le tems,*" lavish any compliments upon her, she indubitably believes it all, and, by that means, is perpetually kept upon the rack at the desertions she is continually subject to. This is the
 fort

fort of way girls are introduced now; and I give you this sketch of the times here, in return for the very opposite accounts you sent me of the *single* young women in France who were kept in the opposite extreme.

Our races are the beginning of next week; I wish they may furnish matter for a less stupid letter, in which with no doubt you thoroughly join. My Aunt unites with me in kindest regards, and I am happy to subscribe myself,

Your affectionate Cousin,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.



LETTER VII.

Sir Thomas Stanhope to Mr. Freeman.

WHY truly, my dear Freeman, I am wonderfully astonished at the out of the way spot you have fixed upon; and I am sure two of you are very ill suited to your present exile. I cannot guess for which of your sins you are doing this penance.

Your story of the Welch landlady is rather a flat one, and shews that your ideas and wit are equally under stagnation since you have been among the Taffies; but the poor girl in the garret I am really interested for! She

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will

will be found out either as a beauty, or not, ere long, I will answer for it; for her sake I hope she is very frightful; but pray let me know why she is shut up, for my curiosity is really excited upon this occasion; you always said I had a vast deal, and you will be more vain than ever of your penetration. You do not give South Wales half the encomiums it deserves, upon the beauties it abounds with. I think there are some of the most charming landscapes there that the most delicate painter could imagine. And you do not prove yourself to be much of a connoisseur upon these points, by the imperfections you affect to descry. I was glad your ball turned out so well. I own I should have expected from you a very different account of the evening you spent, but these ladies have turned your head, as you very fairly avow, not for the first time. Now, Freeman, let me, in return for the information yours contained, acquaint you, that I too feel
strong

strong symptoms of love; nay, at times, I fancy I am desperately in love with one of the most charming women in the world. And I have discovered that she is related to the same Miss Conway that you were describing. When I objected to being of your summer party, I told you that I had an engagement at Lord Edgemore's, and that I was particularly desirous of fulfilling it upon account of two horses I had running at York races. At one of the balls, his Lordship introduced me to Miss Willoughby, telling me she was one of his first favorites; I danced with her, and never remember being so smitten in all my life. She has a most charming person, and her manners are extremely polished and soft. At the same time she has great life, and has much wit without a spark of female satire (which in general is devoid of wit, and replete with acrimony) her observations are so apt, her conversation so solid at times, that I was all astonishment when she opened

her lips. She was vastly well dressed, though in the easiest manner; and I had marked her out, before her friend had brought me to dance with her. We seemed I thought mutually satisfied with the evening; though it was a damper to see her eagerness, as well as that of her little precise aunt, to depart the instant the carriage was announced; "they never kept the horses" which was a reason I never heard assigned from a modern fair one in all my life before. We have met very often since; they have twice dined at Lord Edgemore's, and every time I am in her company I find she is of all the women I ever yet beheld the most *à mon gré*. Yet she did not, or feigned not to see, or understand my fondness for her, and I could not refrain from paying her now and then, the grossest compliments; for which she treated me as I deserved: for it is truly a very ungentlemanly mode of testifying one's admiration *to say*, "I am struck with you, you are hand-

handsome," &c. &c.: But I am afraid I almost said it in so many words. She waved the subject when she could, but when it was impossible not to understand me, she said, "ah you fine men divert me not a little, when you get into the country you endeavour to make fools of us Misses, and we are too apt to listen to you; though I confess it is, when one comes to reflect, very mortifying instead of flattering, to know the reason why all such fine things are said. I had not a word to add as you may suppose at this oblique sort of reproof. In one of our conversations she told me, that she had a first cousin just returned to England, having been in Paris, a witness of its cruelties, &c. I soon discovered by some circumstances she mentioned that she was speaking of the identical lady you had been so unexpectedly meeting at Swansea. My stay in this country will be very short, at which I am not a little concerned, but I am determined to go home, and set down quietly alone, and

ask my heart if I can soberly and contentedly give up the gay life I have been engaged in, and live upon my income with the wife of my choice? If these sentiments, after such an examination, continue to be the most prevailing, I shall call in all my bills, put my affairs on train for a thorough reformation, and then return into Yorkshire, and fling myself at Miss Willoughby's feet; hitherto, as well as yourself, I have been very jocose upon the subject of love, especially at first sight, but I am become one of it's strongest advocates. I think of nothing else, I am always endeavouring to persuade myself, that I have a number of good points about me, though I must candidly own they have been under a cloud for a while. I gave myself no concern upon this head till lately, and I attribute it all to my penchant for Miss Willoughby; every other person is become indifferent to me; every book I read is insipid; nay, if I attempt to read the newspapers at even this critical moment,

moment, I know not one line before me; I find myself an hour in the first page; and I look without seeing a single paragraph. "Tell me, my heart, if this be love?" Now am I certain of getting a very impertinent reply to all this; but I am proof against your ludicrous remarks, for *entre nous*, as my love increases I am ashamed of the intimacy I have had with such sets of idlers, of my shamefully light opinion of women, (because I had seldom the happiness of mixing in the company of women of virtue;) in short, I repent of every thing I have done or said these three years past, and am resolved to amend, without loss of time. I shall be glad to hear that any fair lady has had the same salutary effect upon you, though I despair; for in the midst of my follies, I always considered Wentworth and myself as the two best of the bunch; and I now think you are a sad pack of fellows, if you are worse than I have been. All my gaities crowd upon my remembrance, and I am afraid the Aunt will hear that I have been a

great rake, a great gambler, a very great lounge; I have already began a step towards the reformation I premeditate; *videlicet*, I have sold my horses; every race horse that I had in the world have I disposed of at York; and I trust when my faults are enumerating, that this happy disposal of my chattels will not be omitted in the relation of my acts. I am afraid my giving up the turf will not prevent her rejecting me with scorn. I have a thousand apprehensions, but in compassion to your not over and above gay situation I will not dwell upon them any longer. I have brought with me my echo Elphinstone, and instead of making me laugh, he now wears me to death. He is so inquisitive, so prying, so meddling, and at once so servile and so much the dependant towards me, that I detest his company. A clergyman is ever on the footing of a gentleman, and when they fawn, and forget the respect due to themselves, they cut a very contemptible appearance. I promised my deceased father to be his friend,

friend, and I will not depart from it as far as giving him the first living that I have vacant; but I really cannot endure him so much about me, for two reasons; the first that I detest the sort of person, and the next because I am apt to be very pettish to him, especially when I consult him, (which I sometimes forget myself, and do) he never gives me a candid opinion, but waits till he penetrates into the way I am biaſſed, and ſhapes his ſentiments, or rather words, accordingly.

Lord Edgemore, at whose house I am ſtaying, is an old fashioned friend of my father's, that is, a gentleman of the laſt age. He has been miniſter both at home and abroad, and is eloquent in the principal languages of Europe; he adapts himſelf to the taſtes and even humours of thoſe who viſit him; inexhauſtible in converſation, he has ten thouſand ſtories and anecdotes the moſt amuſing to relate; nay, he can enliven the moſt dreary ſubjects. He is a lover of all the arts, and

an encourager of genius, in whatever line it may appear. He has a profound knowledge of mankind, and has no contempt for the meanest abilities, but endeavours to improve every ignorant person of his acquaintance; and his politeness to every creature that enters his house, puts all degrees of persons at their ease. We have had very pleasant parties every evening, and there are generally, among all other things, concerts; in short, every man must be pleased. He diverts himself not a little at Mr. Elphinston's expence, and now and then says, "My friend, why are you so preposterously complaisant to Sir Thomas, when it is evidently displeasing to him?" The parson grins, then takes his pinch of snuff, and says, "My Lord, I have not any opportunity of contradicting Sir Thomas, for he is always in the right, I think." Lady Edgmore is very fond of him; he takes notice of her puppy, watches its motions, and wish of either going out or coming in; picks up her Ladyship's scissors, jumps up for the fire-screen;

screen ; in short, he is just the sort of animal to fetch and carry. There is a gentlewoman of about forty, living in the capacity of humble friend to her Ladyship, who is the counterpart of my companion, and it is curious to see her simpering phiz upon all occasions in which "her Ladyship" is concerned ; what can be more humiliating than such a situation as this Mrs. Penton's ? She is a strange looking woman ; she is naturally ugly, and dresses so outrée, that it renders it more conspicuous. She has a degree of spite to pretty young women, and pretends to be righteous over-much. I tried to persuade Elphinstone, in one of his polite moods, to think she would make him a suitable wife : I told him that she certainly casts a sheep's eye at him, and founded him upon this subject, but it was the first instance in which he differed from me, and was decided enough in his abhorrence of her ; he said, " She was a frightful creature, and that if she had millions he would not have her." Dashwood is staying

here just now, and furnishes us with some mirth; I think I have not often met with so profound a coxcomb as this friend of our's; I could tell you a thousand things he has said and done here to corroborate this opinion. Miss Willoughby talks a vast deal to him; it strikes me, to make him ridiculous, for she obliges him to repeat his stories over and over again, which to a braggadocio is awkward; he is a good-humoured fellow, I believe, and therefore I am sorry for his foibles.

I am going to day pour prendre congé at Willoughby Place, and then into Derbyshire, where I beg you will write to

Yours,

T. STANHOPE.

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LETTER VIII.

*From Monsieur le Marquis de Villebon
to Monsieur de Cologne, Jun.*

Yorkshire.

I CONGRATULATE you most sincerely, my dear friend, upon the arrival of your most excellent father; I think it possible that he may be able to give me intelligence respecting my tenderest concerns; the moment it is proper to leave my Isabelle, I will seek him out and personally interrogate him upon the subject nearest my heart. He knew her abroad, but was not acquainted with our attachment, as I had private reasons for wishing it concealed. He may have heard of her
fate;

fate; she may at this time be massacred! heaven forbid it; I fear I am not philosopher enough to stand that blow; though I have borne loss of honors, of fortune, &c. it all seemed unworthy of any thought; but my present uncertainty, the cruel suspense that I have to endure unmans me. At times I fancy that she is the wife of another, and that I was deceived by her; and yet, when I sum up the vows of constancy that we exchanged, I think that an extravagant apprehension. My affection for her is so interwoven in my constitution, that they can only fail together. When I was under a necessity of abandoning this dear object of my affections, I wrote to her and gave her my route, gave her directions from time to time how she could write to me. I sent her perpetually letters, as well by friends, as foes, and I never by any chance have received one line from her. Where is she? Where can she be gone? Oh, find out for me, if you have a spark of friendship, or I shall lose my senses. I wear my
 poor

poor sister out, and she has been in a very indifferent state of health, ever since you left us. Oh, come again, and pour consolation into our aching hearts; bring me good tidings, and forgive my incoherency. Forgive me at this time saying little upon Isabelle's subject. She regards you with sincere friendship, but I am afraid her mind is too elevated, and her thoughts too much bent upon the next world, to think of any settlement in this.

Adieu,

VILLEBON.



LETTER IX.

*From Monsieur de Cologne to the Mar-
quis de Villebon.*

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

MY father has been with us a few days, and I find him looking very well after innumerable perils and dangers that he has been encountering; he brought over two beautiful English ladies, of whom he never ceases to speak. I wish my dear friend that you would come here; my uncle desires me to say, how glad he shall be to see you; he has often heard me say that you were my earliest friend, before I left France, and has since heard that I have had the happiness of spending
some

some time with you, and renewing our acquaintance; come then yourself, and enquire of my father for her whom you love, whose name even yet you have not entrusted me with; which prevents my sending you now as satisfactory an answer as I could wish. I am miserable upon your angelic sister's account. You bear hard upon her tender frame. She told me, with great solemnity, that while you were unhappy she would never think of any other subject; and when I spoke for myself, she chid me and seemed to consider it as a piece of selfishness and want of feeling for you. God knows my friend, I enter most warmly into your sorrows, and would give half my fortune to relieve them, provided the other half might be appropriated to the use of your dear Isabelle. Farewell, heaven protect ye both.

COLOGNE, Jun.

LETTER X.

From Miss Conway to Miss Willoughby.

Swansea.

I FIND myself hourly gaining more strength my dear cousin, and if my mind had not a weight upon it that is totally immoveable, I should not despair of being myself among you once more. But alas! with a heart so ill at rest as mine is, it is impossible ever to be quite well. I use the utmost fortitude to support myself, but the misery that I have endured haunts me perpetually, and I can never be chearful. As you have ever been a sincere friend, as well as an affectionate relation,

tion, I will, without further exciting your curiosity, and my aunt's, give you as brief an account of my misfortunes since we parted as the subject will admit of. And you will agree with me in thinking I have had already sufficient to disgust me with the world.

I believe I have often mentioned to you that I had the happiness of living a great deal with Madam la Marquise de Grammont, whose husband was a *ci-devânt* nobleman of France. She was one of the most charming women in the world, and I never, never shall cease to lament her cruel fate. But to return to my particular story; at this lady's house, where I had the *entrée* at all times, and upon all occasions, I had frequently the pleasure of meeting the Marquis de Villebon, a most charming young man, at that time in the army. I was flattered by his particular attentions, and as he was the most accomplished man in Paris, you may be sure they were even in the beginning extremely accept-

acceptable to me: I have not words really to convey to you an idea of his perfections. In his person he was a perfect Adonis; his mind, temper, turn of thought, surpassed all description; to a degree of vivacity that enlivened all who heard him speak, was united the greatest solidity, sensibility, and benevolence. He had the most open countenance, which seemed to speak the sentiments of his soul; but alas! I was deceived; I only describe such as he appeared to be, not what he was, as you will see by the sequel. We were soon remarked for the attachment that was visible in our behaviour, though he was very desirous it should not be known; which I think by his conduct since, is easily accounted for. Indeed it was several months before he declared himself to be my lover even to Madame de Grammont, our mutual friend; and his love for me diffused itself through his actions more than by any thing he *said* to make me suspect it. A circumstance led to the discovery, sooner possibly than he intended,

tended. An English gentleman, whom we were in the habit of meeting, having as well as myself introductions to the first families, paid me very particular attention, and I too, was very much pleased at any opportunity of talking with my countrymen that occurred, and sometimes ceased to hold any conversation with my beloved Marquis, solely for the pleasure of hearing the names mentioned of persons I had heard of in my youth. At length this gave unspeakable uneasiness to my lover; he became triste, distrait, and a cold reserve took place of the most animated attentions. I could not help questioning him upon his altered manner, though I had no right to ask his reasons for ceasing to be happy. I frequently said, "Monseigneur where have you left all your gaiety, that was wont to enliven every party that was honored with your presence?" He waved the subject, but grew every day more dejected, and as I likewise grew very uneasy, of course I was less entertained by my countryman; my whole thoughts were
upon

upon the alteration in my dear Marquis; in proportion as I was anxious and miserable upon his account, my coldness increased to the other: though I was not alarmed for my heart, as I did not know at that time that there was so wide a difference in the sentiments they occasioned. Mr. Wentworth, for this was the Englishman's name, was at that time upon his travels, and at first attached himself to me, that he might gain information of a country in which I had been much longer than himself. He called upon me one morning, and said that he was going immediately into Italy, &c. &c. and that after having seen the curiosities at Rome, and what else was worth viewing, he should return home by way of Paris, when he hoped to be allowed to pay his respects to me. I was very sorry to lose so pleasant an acquaintance, but no other sensations arose; I wished him well, and told him that I hoped we should meet in better times. Madame de Grammont called immediately after, and told me that

that the Marquis de Villebon was in her carriage, but declined coming up. She added, Mr. Wentworth has just told us, he has been taking leave of you; I left him talking at the coach door to the Marquis. I thought it singular his not coming in, and was visibly mortified at it. The next time we met was at a great assembly of our friends; he only made me the most distant bow, at the same I had penetration enough to see that he did not look as if *he hated me*; I was however very much hurt. After the company was gone, we were as usual, with one or two more select friends, invited to supper: we set together, and I made every effort towards conversing with him, but he seemed so much averse to entering into conversation with me that I gave up the point, thinking I had already done enough to appear bordering upon effrontery. From this time I grew more and more miserable; he had before remarked to M. de Grammont how much I was attached to Mr. Wentworth, and how much altered I appeared

peared since my acquaintance with him. She assured him that there was no attachment or engagement existing between us; that for a while she had fallen into the same error, but that after questioning me thereupon, I had assured her to the contrary, and that she was convinced my heart was otherwise engaged. She was not at liberty to say more; however, through this dear good friend's means, matters were very shortly cleared up. I was one morning at breakfast with her, when he accidentally came in, and seemed extremely embarrassed at finding me there. I was not less confused, but partook of the awkwardness, for I told you before that whatever we might feel, had at least never been spoken of even to each other. He had ten thousand ways of shewing me how dear I was to him, and I had innumerable opportunities of testifying my satisfaction at the distinction he paid me. M. de Grammont as if to compleat our embaras, feigned some business with her husband, and left us *tete à tete*. We were
 some

some minutes before we opened our lips. I began, and spoke of "the times;" (at that time the mouths of every one was full of the proper reform that had just taken place) but he very coolly said "he never talked politics with ladies." I then spoke of a play I had been seeing the night before of Moliere's, that was called "L'honnête Criminel;" (the history of a young man who went to the galleys seven years for his father;) and I must observe to you, *en passant*, that there happened to be present at this representation, two young men who were just released from the galleys by the national assembly; they were placed in the front box, dressed in there slavish habits, and the slaves on the stage were in the same habits.—But to return to my narrative, I could make no impression by any thing I alluded to upon my companion; it was, however, impossible, circumstanced as we were, to enter into any explanation, and my heart sunk within me when I made an effort to speak again; I walked to the window, where I endeavoured

voured to wipe away unperceived a tear that would fall down my cheek. The looking glass however discovered to him my face of despair; he said, "Are you not well, Miss Conway? will you allow me to call Madame de Grammont?" I could not reply, but burst into tears; (for which I have not yet forgiven myself) he again said, "For heaven's sake, speak one word to me; say that you are not ill." I said, (but I blush to tell you) "It is *your* unkindness, Sir, that makes me so very wretched." This (to my present confusion) brought on a thorough explanation. The matter of fact came out on both sides. The last visit Mr. Wentworth had paid me, and the sorrow he expressed to the Marquis at leaving Paris, had confirmed him in his suspicions. However, to be less prolix, we were soon reconciled, and the storm that had so violently agitated both, was succeeded by a calm the most delightful; a scene of the greatest tenderness took place, we vowed eternal constancy; and it is not in words to reckon
the

the number of vows to that effect, that passed between us, as he had obstacles at that time to his union, and he seemed every minute to want more and more to bind himself to surmount all difficulties for my sake. The manner in which, after this eclaircissement took place, that we spent our time in, was rational and satisfactory to the greatest degree. He took every opportunity of improving me, instructed me in the Italian, Spanish, and German, languages; for I have already, or ought to have told you, that he was a perfectly accomplished man of fashion and master of almost every language in Europe. Our interviews were uninterrupted, I had no one to controul me, he wished me often to give him my hand, but though the affairs in France were then en train to be better, as we thought, yet there were some fresh commotions at times kindling that made the idea of settling there, very formidable to me; and he had a strong aversion from living any where but in France at that time. He had an aunt at Lausanne, who

he went to visit, and during his stay there, I heard from him perpetually, and his letters were of a piece with the rest of his affection towards me. They were equally tender, and improving; he gave me lessons of morality; of astronomy even when we were together; and, though we were of different religions, we were entirely of opinion in the great ruling principles of right, and equally abhorrent of what was wrong. How often did I wish he had been born without estates or honors, that he might not have had such a long predilection to his own country. It was for him only that I valued my own paltry thousands, and wished we were ever to be reduced to living upon them only. He was a kind of élève of the late King of France. He was first his Page, and afterwards went into the army; (before the revolution all young men there of rank were soldiers;) he was a favourite of the unfortunate Antoinette, of course I was terrified, lest he should be an object of hatred to her foes; but fortunately he was in Geneva at the time

time his Catholic Majesty was guillotined, *Christo*
 or he would have taken an active part
 with the few friends he had; but by the
 time he returned, his indignation was
 subsided, and he was suffered to pass his
 time very quietly in Paris; upon his re-
 turn, as we had been then engaged to each
 other near two years, he was perpetually
 intreating that I would bless him, as he
 termed it, with my hand, but I resolved
 not to live among such savages as his
 countrymen had proved themselves to be,
 and I was moreover afraid of his drawing
 their vengeance upon him by thinking at
 that time of an English woman; I therefore
 withstood all his entreaties, his doubts
 even of my affection, nay reproaches of
 ingratitude; I bore all, rather than involve
 him in the common ruin, at a time when he
 seemed in safety. His having his estates,
 as I have hinted before, confiscated,
 would not have been considered by me as
 any misfortune; as I had ample fortune,
 as you well know, my dear cousin, for two
 people whose reciprocity of sentiment,

and firm attachment would have made every thing wear the best aspect. Alas ! these were delusive hopes—chimeras absolutely ; no such passion existed in his breast as true love, and I am now the dupe, the wretched dupe to his artifice, though upon what plan he deceived me even now remains in doubt and unsolved.

Oh ! that I should have lavished all my tenderness, all my vows upon an ingrate, a vile deceiver, who could abandon me in such a time as that : but, to proceed ; we went on in the happiest intercourse, and I may say with truth in the most advantageous and satisfactory manner to myself. I fear I grow tedious, my beloved friend ; I am drawing to the finale of my sad, sad tale. One fatal night, having had the most horrid dreams, I awoke in the greatest tremor that you can imagine ; I arose from my bed, and tried to reason myself out of the agitation I was in, but I was so ill that I could not get into my bed again. I walked backwards and forwards a number of times, and at last, it being summer, and
finding

finding that I could not in my own apartment shake off the impresson this vision had made upon me, I went down to walk in the garden. And oh! figure to yourself my astonishment, my terror, when I saw the Marquis de Villebon with a rope ladder fixt to the wall of the garden of the then existing monastery; in the first moment it occurred to me, that something had happened particular, some alarm had been given him, and that he was come for me to fly the kingdom with him; but I might have considered that he would have apprised me of it, as he must otherwise have been sure of gaining no admittance at so early an hour. I perceived he was violently agitated; he looked alternately at the window of my apartment, and at the grates where the Nuns slept. He often changed colour, which I could see from behind the bush where I had placed myself. I was, however, just going to fly into his arms, so perfectly secure did I feel as to his integrity, and of his being there at any rate upon my account; for

it was only the evening before that we had supped together at M. de Grammont's, and he had been more my lover than ever; more interesting, more animated! but avault ye painful remembrances, only calculated to throw me back into my former despair: I had not time to weigh the matter, before I perceived a little door open by the Abbess's green house, and a Nun flew out, making but one step from thence into the Marquis's arms; the joy, the agitation, the mutual joy of each, surpassed any thing I had ever before witnessed. Tears ran down his face; he looked two or three times towards my apartment, with what I thought a look of remorse. But my happy rival's intreaties and arguments, to be gone prevailed, and they were over the wall and out of my sight before I had power to speak. For several minutes I stood with my eyes fixed upon the spot from whence they had disappeared; at last I was overcome by the different sensations that rushed into my mind: indignation, surprise, love, and

and revenge alternately took possession of me. I was much debilitated by the frightful dreams I had had, which I now consider as a presage given me of the evil that was to follow. I attempted to walk, but I was too weak; too shocked to exert myself in the smallest degree. I fell into a swoon. And when next I recovered my senses, I found myself in the bed from whence I had risen that fatal morning, and at first thought I had been only in a dream. I found my dear Miss Aubrey, *Selwa* who you know was the friend I had first elected upon my going thither, sitting in tears by my bed side. I asked her why she wept? I had been so long in a state of stupifaction, that I did not at once recollect what had happened. I cried out, "Where is Madame de Grammont? where is the Marquis." Poor Augusta, who had heard that the Marquis had left Paris, could by no means tell me what route he had taken; but guessed that it was for him that I was suffering. As she was acquainted with the secret of our love,

she intreated that I would compose myself, and assured me all would be well. "We shall soon" said she, "go to England; the riots have been terrible; they have torne down all the monasteries, and threaten our's with immediate destruction upon account of some of the Nuns being related to the nobleſſe. They have, however, ſuffered the women to eſcape, and we may have the ſame indulgence." This roused me, and for a while engaged my thoughts. But grief came on again with redoubled violence and horror, when I had ſaid "Oh the Marquis will protect us." In an inſtant I awoke to all the miſery of my ſituation; but what was my aſtoniſhment, when I found that I had been inſenſible a week. I had had no other nourishment than a few drops in gruel, which Madame de Grammont and Auguſta had poured down my throat, and now and then, a tea ſpoonful of wine. I begged to riſe, but my friend aſſured me that I was not equal to it, that I had no ſtrength; I fell into a great flood of tears, which

which lasted for several hours, and from which I derived great relief; I then began to see things in proper points of view; to feel the consequence due to my sex; to myself, especially as I was circumstanced. For a time, my pride and indignation kept me up, and I had, as you may be sure, all Augusta's eloquence to strengthen me in these sentiments; but alas! the tenderness that I had so long cherished, as my greatest joy, soon took place of my resentment, and melted again into the bitterest sorrow. I was so entirely weakened by these contending passions, that I kept my room six weeks, during which time I was often consoled by the presence of my ever to be lamented Madame de Grammont. When I was getting a little better and able to go to her of a morning, the measure of my despair was filled up by two events, which I shall to the day of my death remember with the bitterest emotions. Monsieur de Grammont was brought before the national assembly, and for no other reason (as he was a most

harmless man) than having immense riches, he was condemned to the guillotine. No sooner was the horrid decree passed, than, as is customary with those merciless savages, he was executed. The grief, the misery of my friend for a time did away the remembrance of my own misfortune. They were by far the happiest couple I ever saw in France; they had every thing this world could afford. They what I call thoroughly enjoyed life; not for themselves only, but in diffusing both benefits and pleasure to all around them. They were blessed with two beautiful children, a boy and girl; in short, they had every thing, that could render life valuable; the only interruption to their repose, and that certainly, was a considerable one, was the fate of their unhappy Sovereign. M. de Grammont took this much to her heart, as did all of his Court who had experienced his benevolence and mild government in the midst of laws so despotic as those were before the beginning of the revolution. These sentiments being well known

known *he* did not depend upon his safety. But, to return, after the first blow, Madame de Grammont bore such a stroke as this, with the utmost fortitude and resignation, and would say to me "Ah, my dear Louisa, how charming to me is the reflection, that my dear Grammont led so good a life, and that *he* has never bathed his hands in blood. I shall soon follow him, and I hope we shall meet in a better world, at least I encourage the happy idea that good souls will be known hereafter to each other." What consolation did she derive from this idea; her prediction of soon following him came to pass, and was almost immediately realized. I was carried to her in a chair most days, though I was so weak that the men were forced to carry me up stairs in their arms. One day, as we were sitting together, and her two dear children were playing in the room, while she was comforting herself by looking to futurity, the door burst open, when two of the national guards rushed in, and in an instant conveyed her from
my

my presence. I wish I could even now speak of this event with half the resignation that she mentioned her own loss, which was so much more severe. Alas! she, among about two hundred and fifty more of the wives of the noblesse, and rich citizens, were that very morning guillotined. I cannot attempt to describe my feelings upon this head, nor the compassion that I had for these dear orphans. The servants in the midst of their consternation, out of regard to their late mistress, had me conveyed to the convent. You will readily, believe my dear cousin, that such an additional shock to my spirits, entirely prevented my gaining health or strength. I was again for several weeks confined to my bed. The attention, however, of my dear Augusta, and my own natural good constitution did miracles for me. My religion taught me to conquer as much as I could the despondency that had taken hold of me. In order to divert my mind in the most likely manner from the horrors of the scene that had recently

recently passed before me, I began to take into my consideration the situation of Madame de Grammont's two dear babes; and to my joy, found they had not fallen a sacrifice to the sanguinary monsters who had deprived them of their parents. An old, and trusty servant had given them an asylum at her mother's house; and had concealed for their use as much money as she could find in the house, and their mother's jewels, wearing apparel, &c. before the confusion was enough subsided to endanger a detection. I had them brought often to see me; as they came in plain habits, they were in no danger of being seized, or of the pious efforts to save them of their nurse, being frustrated. Augusta and I often visited them in their cottage; we always found them happy and contented, although in so extraordinary a change as had befallen them. When they saw me, they talked of their chere Mama, and enquired why she never came to see them, till I could no longer bear to deceive them, and I said, "she was gone to Heaven;

to see their father, and could not come again, but if they were good, they were to go there too." This pacified them, and they ceased to ask questions; but once the eldest said "she longed for the time to come when she was to go to Heaven." My visits to them was, excepting my intimacy with Miss Selway, my only consolation, and it answered two good purposes, it filled up my thoughts, and was a pleasure to the children of my dear departed friend.

I began to form schemes for their manner of life, and had determined to appropriate much of my fortune to their education and advantage in life; in short, I grew so fond of them that I determined, as soon as possible, to take them to England, and to dedicate the rest of my days to them; but this scheme, like those that I had pleased myself with before, vanished in the most melancholy manner; for the dear babes were taken ill, and, sad to relate,

late, the little angels died within a few days of each other of a putrid fever. I attended them night and day, notwithstanding it was an epidemic disorder, and was raging most fatally at that time in Paris; I never left them till their breath had forsaken them, and I escaped myself the disorder. In a short time after this accident, our Convent was destroyed, and we were dispersed all ways. Augusta and myself agreed to take refuge at the same house where these poor babes had died, as the woman was a worthy creature, and had behaved most liberally and attentively during their concealment, of course what they had saved from the wreck I thought I had a right to desire they would divide, except the jewels, which I caused to be sent, with an anonymous account of them, to a relation of Monsieur de Grammont's. I now began to reflect with more calmness upon the loss of my little treasures, and I was clearly of opinion that altogether what had happened

pened to them was for the best : they, of course, are happy, and little is there in this world to have promised as much for them if they had remained in it.

The rest of my adventures, all my little anecdotes, in what manner I made my escape, you have already heard. I should have spoken of all these troubles before, but they were irremediable, and I knew it would hurt my Aunt too much. Do not suffer her to think the worse of me for the weakness I have betrayed ; and do not condemn me if I seek only for solitude and retirement, if possible, from the rugged scenes in life, where I may, without interruption, prepare myself for a better world ; “ for that bourne from whence no traveller returns ; ” and sometimes if I indulge in the luxury of remembering what those happy days were when I was beloved by the Marquis, think me not mean spirited. My hopes are all cut off in the prime of life, and I shall henceforward

ward devote my moments to reflections
on the past and future ; and temper them
according to the feelings of the moment.

Farewell,

LOUISA CONWAY.



LETTER XI.

Miss Willoughby to Miss Conway.

Willoughby Place.

MY dearest Louisa's interesting and painful narrative has affected us beyond measure. How much has your exquisite sensibility and sympathy been put to the test! I never heard a tale more sad, both as to your own and unhappy friend's misfortunes. Nor did I ever read in the annals of history, of the most barbarous among all the monsters that have been described, any thing to equal the blood-thirsty French, and their cruelties to innocent women, the mothers of harmless infants!

infants ! I shall hate them from generation to generation : I am afraid, after your sufferings, your treacherous lover is at the head of the vile tribe.—My Aunt will not believe but that he is innocent ; but when I remind her of your having had ocular demonstrations of his perfidy, she has nothing to say, but that she is astonished and shocked for you beyond measure. We both pity you from our souls. I can easily suppose what your feelings must have been, abandoned by the man you had so long loved, just in the instant that he was professing the most perfect attachment ; and that you supposed yourself entirely secure of his affections. It was peculiarly inhuman of him to trifle with you, and to sport with your feelings to the last. He should, if he had possessed a degree of honor, have apprized you immediately of this change of sentiments. There is no accounting for such conduct in a man, whose whole life, by your account, was so opposite to this step that he has so injuriously taken towards

towards you. Yet I must say, that in general, men who are esteemed persons of the nicest honor, are apt to testify it more in their actions among one another, than to our weak sex, whom they always deceive if they can. There is no other reason can be given for what your cruel Marquis did, than that, however fond he had once been of you, he had transferred his affections; and must have been a very trifling inconstant lover, if not a very bad unprincipled wretch, and unworthy now of your remembrance. I know how vain it would be to advise upon a subject such as this; but I shall just speak from what it strikes me would be my feelings upon the subject, if I were so abandoned; I think I should after the first blow be supported by my pride and contempt for so fickle an animal. I am not competent to judge, having never *been in love*; but it seems to me that if a man told me to day, that “ I was his *only hope—his soul*—that his very existence depended upon me;” and that I saw this man the very next day

run

run away with another woman, I should never afterwards feel a spark of regard for this person though he were an angel. Would to heaven this opinion could be turned over to you, so as to make you shake off the remembrance, and for you to recover your wonted chearful disposition. Till this happy alteration does take place, I despair of your ever enjoying that first of blessings, health.

Your story of the De Grammonts, is melancholy indeed! My God! to what a pass are these people arrived! I do not wonder at your abhorrence of the country, after witnessing such scenes. This is your most polite nation, these are your "gens honêtes," that in the course of five years, should be turned, upon their desired *reform*, into butchers,—or to worse than butchers—wild beasts—tygers! I know of no name for them bad enough in the *English* language, nor is there a word strong enough to describe their enormities. All my hope is, that when the ruling

ing

ing faction have murdered one another, which from the disposition of its members is to be expected as the finale of their proceedings, that they will return again to reason—that is, the people in general of France. The poor little Grammonts!—but why do I lament their fate?—as you have already observed, they are happy.—Had I children, and was living now in France, I should pray the Almighty hand that gave them, to retake the blessings, in order that they might be rescued from being massacred by these sanguinary assassins. But I will no longer dwell, my dear Louisa, upon scenes so strongly impressed upon your tender mind, but try to enliven you rather by accounts from this country; and I shall begin by telling you something that I am sure will give you extreme satisfaction—namely, that my Aunt is now in better health than I have known her for many years. She is very impatient to see you again; and I hope by this time you have sufficiently recovered your strength to take such a journey,

journey as this. Indeed we are of opinion that it will be of service to you to change the scene and air as often as possible. My Aunt desires that I will tell you that she will accompany you to town when you go to settle with your guardians, which I should think desirable upon every account:—you are a novice; and, in general, I have no very great opinion of guardians, when left entirely to themselves.

We wish that you could prevail upon Miss Aubrey to accompany you into Yorkshire; we will use our endeavours that it shall not appear dull to her; it is a very fine country, and there are many things worth her looking at. It would be a great pleasure to me to be acquainted with a person who has for so long time been your only comfort, and best of friends. I happened to meet a gentleman (of whom I have much to say) that is a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth's; he says that he is at Swansea,

Selway

and you did not say so in your last, at which I am surprised. I will tell you how I made this discovery; we were speaking of the affairs of France, which seem to engross the thoughts and conversation of almost every body, and I was relating the happiness I had lately experienced in your escape from thence; and I added that you were just now at Swansea. He said he had some friends there, and had very lately heard from one of them, who had mentioned your having been at the Rooms, and that you commenced acquaintance abroad with one of their party, a Mr. Wentworth. The gentleman to whom I just now alluded, is a Sir Thomas Stanhope; he was upon a visit at Lord Edgmore's, and he was introduced to me as a partner at the race ball, and he has honored me with very particular attention ever since;—I say honored, because he is so elegant, so fashionable in his manner, and has such a fine understanding; and I was rather surprised that he should talk at all to a
 little

little country Miss, much less did I expect his whole attentions every where devoted to me. Indeed at the last, before he left Lord Edgmore's, he very particularly addressed himself to me; but when I related this circumstance to my Aunt, (and I always tell her every occurrence of this sort, as much for her amusement, as to hear her opinion upon it,) she told me that "his conversation was a matter of course, which this sort of town gentlemen repeat as often as they meet any new face; and that I might rely upon it, that he had no other intention respecting me than he had had for a hundred other women." In short, she told me, that she had heard what a general admirer and great flirt he was. Shall I own to you, that I felt hurt to hear her shew her judgment upon this subject, as it was entirely opposite to my wishes; for though I certainly am not smitten with Sir Thomas, yet I should really be mortified, if I thought all he said to me was repeated to every little Miss he sees; which my Aunt

is quite assured of, she says. He did not, in as many words, say, that I was the only woman he should ever think of marrying, but he gave me to understand as much, and looked so unhappy when he came to take his leave of us, that I had almost cried myself. If he does dissemble, I shall really think very ill of these men of the world. One little symptom of partiality I shall candidly mention to you: I used to detest calling at Lady Edgmore's, but I am always ready now to accompany my Aunt in her morning visits there, in hopes that we may hear the name mentioned of this fickle swain; but I have been twice disappointed, for neither my Lady or Mrs. Penton have, by any chance spoken of him, though I brought up the subject of the races, &c.; in short, I introduced every conversation that could lead to it, and felt quite chagrined at my ill success; which my Aunt perceived, and accounted for in a most mortifying manner, saying, that "she supposed that they had never observed that we were
enough

enough acquainted, to speak of him at all." I had flattered myself that his attentions were more conspicuous, but I shall begin to think it is my own vanity that has made me hope that he was, in reality, partial to me. I hate such stupid people, however, and will never go again to Lady Edgmore's. It is so ill-bred to talk of their country bumpkins, and to neglect taking notice of the fine gentlemen they have lately had with them. Had my Lord been at home, he would have talked of Sir Thomas, for I have heard him say, that he both loves and admires him; but her Ladyship, though she has ceased to have any claim or pretensions, (if she ever had any, which I much doubt) wishes to engross the whole attention and conversation of every man that visits at the Castle; and there are many who, to secure the entrée of a house so pleasant as my Lord Edgmore's, pay the greatest homage to her, and even give up talking to beautiful young women, who may happen at the time to be

in company, evidently to flatter my Lady ; but this was not the case with Sir Thomas Stanhope, though he is universally polite, he did not appear to have eyes or ears for any body but your humble servant ;—and yet my provoking Aunt will not own that she perceives it. Well, if this is all nothing, I shall give up the vile sex, and shall easily feel that pride I have recommended to you upon a much more serious occasion. I will now relate to you an affront I have received, and which really mortifies me almost to communicate it to you, my dearest cousin ; but I must first describe to you the coxcomb who has given me this concern. I told you, or at least intended to have told you, that, at the races, the house was full of beau monde at Lord Edgmore's ; among the rest was a Mr. Dashwood, who rather disturbed us by his impertinence, though at the same time, it was impossible not to be amused with him,—he was, to be sure, the prince of puppies ! He treated every thing and every body with the most
fove-

sovereign contempt; he took no other notice of the Misses, though a very young man himself, than to stare at them through his glass, whenever they opened their lips. He affected to be a vast connoisseur in dress, admired particularly every thing her Ladyship, who is rather, you know, advanced in years, put upon her back. If one addressed him, which I did on purpose to plague him, he spoke with the same freedom he would have answered a housemaid. He would do no one thing that other people did: while we were listening to concerts, the most charming, in which Sir Thomas Stanhope bore a part with the famous Sperati, &c. he disturbed the company by fidgetting, talking to the lap-dog, beating the Devil's tatoo, or, perhaps, boring some one with his conversation at that time, in order to interrupt the performance, I should suppose; and when he does talk, it is upon himself, and the fine company he lives with in town; his intimacy with the Prince, with the Duke of this thing, or

my Lord such a one ; which was not very interesting to us country folks, nor indeed to the rest of the company, for they all consider him as a great egotist, and a vile braggadocio. Now I have vented myself a little in abuse of him, I shall give you the particulars of his conduct to me, which has thus roused my resentment:

-I was sitting one morning in my Aunt's dressing room at my tambour frame, (she being out to pay morning visits) when the door opened, and in walked this man ; he said, he was come with a message from Lady Edgmore ; (who rather likes coxcombs, and deference paid to her, let it come from what quarter it may ;) well, this puppy, with a familiarity which I shall never either forget or forgive, said, " We have a little hop in agitation at the Castle to night, and I am not to return there without you ; nay, do not look grave, for you must go, and to dinner, I can assure you,

so

so go and dress, and make haste too, for I want to get back time enough to frank for my Lady's friend, Mrs. Penton, and to write a line to the Duke of B——, &c. to get me a new vis-à-vis, made after one of his." His manner actually made me dumb for a few minutes, but at last I told him that "I begged not to detain him a minute, for I could, by no means have the honor of partaking of the proposed hop, without my Aunt made it her request, as I made a point of consulting her upon the most trifling occasions; but that I hoped he would say every thing polite to my Lady for the invitation, &c." He would take no denial, and his manner of pressing me to go, was the most free and impertinent that you can imagine. He came and sat down by me upon the sofa, took hold of my hand, and said, "My dear girl, you must pos. return with me to dinner, &c. I dare not go back without you." "With you, Sir," said I, "return with you? what, ride behind you? I conclude you came on horseback."

"Not I, upon my soul!" replied the beau, "that is a kind of violent exercise, entirely out of my line; I came in my carriage, and in that identical carriage you are to return, so pray be quick."

Upon which he seized me by both my hands, and dragged me off the sofa. I was quite in a fury, as you will suppose, but he was not so good as to stop there; he said, "You are really the most charming girl I ever saw, and though you have taken an ill-natured pleasure in laughing at my little elegancies, which may possibly strike you here as somewhat outré, I really forgive and admire you, because I at once saw your partiality for me, and I will tell you honestly, that if you were a degree more fashioned, and dressed in a better manner, I really should not even be ashamed of being your husband; though I would not have you flatter yourself, my love, for matrimony is indeed a bitter pill, and must be well gilded ere I shall swallow it." I was bursting with indignation, but the insolent

lent puppy gave me no time to reply, he proceeded further still; he said, "as at present he had no thoughts of marrying me, I had better live with him in town a little; that *Le Brun* should make all my things for the debût I should make, and that she would conclude by the elegant style I was in, that I was actually Mrs. Dashwood, (for that was the creature's name) he should not at least tell her the contrary." So this monkey, this rascal, this nothing, had the assurance to add that "finding himself violently in love with me, he had come to make these proffers to me;" he said "I must be a great fool to refuse him, for that I should never be enough seen or admired, while living with my old Aunt, and he assured me it was now the ton for young ladies of family and *virtue* to be the *chere amies* of men of his fashion, and that when we were mutually tired of each other, he would give me a very handsome allowance for life." I was quite overcome with his impudence, and was in a kind of

stupor that rendered my resenting it impossible, for I could not have articulated a syllable. He construed my silence into deliberation upon the honorable and advantageous terms he proposed, upon which he continued, " I should have shewn you more attention, but really that old Lady E. is so exigeante, that she expects us fine men to think of nothing but her, and to indulge her in her dotage ; while I am there I comply, not from inclination. Then there was another obstacle to my taking much notice of you, and that was my friend Stanhope's making up to you as he did ; he absolutely engrossed you, and I really think if I had not told him how much in love I was with you, and that by your perpetual efforts to talk with me, that it was mutual, he would himself have offered you his hand ; for I never saw him seriously in love before." During this last speech, I was deliberating how to act ; but when he came to the last sentence, I burst out, " You most impertinent contemptible coxcomb !

how

how did you dare to say such a thing of me to Sir Thomas Stanhope, who I would rather should think well of me than any person I know in the world."

"And well, my love," said he, "and if you will go to town with me, he *will* think very well of you, for he keeps a lady himself, and they have said that he was to marry her." I was affected altogether beyond description, and shook from head to foot; before this, my spirit, as well as astonishment, had supported me from sinking under the insult that was so grossly put upon me, but this shook all my nerves at once; I turned pale, and almost fainted. At another time, I could have heard all that concerned Sir Thomas without emotion, but it quite overcame me just then. I rang the bell, and then tottered down upon the sofa; upon which the animal seized both my hands, kissed them, swore I should be his at any rate, and was actually offering to kiss my face, when the door opened, and my Aunt's butler came in. I had presence of
mind

mind enough to rouse myself, by saying, "Willis, desire Mr. Dashwood's coachman to draw up, but first shew the gentleman into the parlour." "Sir, good morning to you:" upon which, out I flew. I had the pleasure to hear him run down stairs; and I sat for half an hour, like one petrified, in my own chamber, when I was roused by my Aunt's carriage driving in. He was not gone, but had been walking about the gardens, and I saw her make him a most gracious bow, upon which he jumped into his chariot, and drove off in a second. I was so rejoiced to see her returned, that I burst into tears, and had a sort of hysteric fit. My maid called her up, and it was some hours before I could relate every part of the affront I had experienced. I cannot tell you half her surprise or vexation upon such an indignity having been shewn me. She said she would wait upon Lady Edgmore, and make it her request that my Lord should turn him out of her house; but I entreated her to
compose

compose herself enough to see the impropriety of such a step. To publish such a scene, to tell it to Lady E. of her prime favorite, to put it in the hands of Mrs. Penton;—in short, I advised my Aunt to moderate her rage, till at least she saw the coxcomb, who, however insignificant in himself, had occasioned us so much mortification; “besides,” said I, “who knows, Madam, if we take violent measures, but he may invent some falsehood, and it may reach Sir Thomas Stanhope’s ears; in short, dear Madam, we must be silent upon the affair, and only *cut* the animal, wherever we may chance to meet him.” She expressed both astonishment and concern that the opinion of so gay a man as Sir Thomas was reported to be should have any weight with me; but, of course, she saw the propriety of not publishing our disgrace. I had heard a very bad character of this Mr. Dashwood, as a seducer of women in general; but married women, I am told, are particularly his objects, and the prey that he
marks

marks out ; and I blush for my sex, when I tell you, that he has made the heart ache of more than one or two very happy husbands ; and when he has not succeeded, he has boasted of favors ; therefore he is most dangerous and mischievous ;—they tell me that London is infested with these sort of creatures. I cannot, however, digest my having suffered by his impudence, who have so little to do with haut ton ; and I confess it was no inconsiderable addition to my concern to have heard, that he had been talking of me in such a manner to Sir Thomas Stanhope. I recollect his having once or twice said to me, “ Miss Willoughby, you had better let that beau alone, he is very seldom outwitted by the ladies, and has seldom good designs upon pretty women.” I replied that, “ it was he who began, by laughing at me for my vulgarity, in being so fond of dancing ; and that I took pleasure in returning the compliment to him ; but that I fancied him very harmless and insignificant.”

He

He said, " I mistook his character entirely ; he had, au fond, a good understanding, but that his vanity prevented his shewing it ; among men he was not so much detested as among the prudent sort of women of the world." I wonder if it was after this, that the monkey told Sir Thomas of my " partiality to himself ;" if it was, how ill he must think of my taste, &c. ! But I will not wear you out with the odious subject ; I was really quite ill for two or three days, and unequal to writing at all, even to you ; but I am now recovering ; and, as it is over, only despise the author of my mortification ; so do not let my vexation contribute in the smallest degree to your unhappiness, I entreat. As I have written so long a letter, you will dispense with any accounts from hence ; when I began, I meant to have limited myself to *chit chat*, instead of telling you of this calamity. Heaven bless you, my beloved Cousin.

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Freeman to Sir Thomas Stanhope.

Swansea.

UPON my word, Tom, you have written a most sentimental pretty letter! the prettiest that ever was penned by such an idle thoughtless fellow! I did not read it to my companions for two reasons; the first, because there was something in it, which marked your expressions of Miss Willoughby to be serious, and I am not treacherous among all the other *perfections* you ascribe to me; and the next, because my thoughts are taken up in the same kind of manner with thinking of

Miss

Miss Aubrey; and my companions are equally engaged in their different pursuits. My symptoms of love, though entirely new to me, are doubtless very common;—such as feeling ennui when out of the presence of my non-pareil. I feel just as I did on a wet Sunday, at my grand-mother's, when she used to make me read the Bible to her and the Norwich Gazette. Miss Selway's mode of receiving my attentions is by no means flattering; and I am persuaded she would reject me, if I offered my *poor done-up self* and *nothing* to her. The mother too is grown cool. We had contrived very neatly to insinuate ourselves into all their schemes and parties; but since I have betrayed my attachment, (for I find it impossible to disguise that sort of thing) they have all *drawn up*—to *me* at least, (for as to Wentworth, he is quite at home there.) He tells me that, if I play my cards well, I shall be successful; but I have not the vanity to join in his opinion, I can tell you. Dan-
by

by says, with his sneering tone, that "Miss and her Mamma have the trick of keeping themselves up." This is an illiberal insinuation, for I am no catch, God knows ; for all I had is nearly gone to the devil, and she has an extreme good fortune. Danby is an unprincipled fellow in some things, but he really has been marvellously good of late. I told you of a daughter Mrs. Llewelyn locked up in the garret ; Danby was distracted to see her, and, to say the truth, we all burned with the same curiosity. He desired his man to make interest with the maid to let him carry up her supper. He brought his master an account that she was "*quite a lady*, and as beautiful as an angel, but looked very unhappy." The next day, Danby would carry up her dinner himself, and we were really quite uneasy for the poor girl's feelings at being intruded upon ; and we posted ourselves pretty near the door, to escort my gentleman down, if he distressed her. He was all astonishment when he beheld

her,

her, and said, " Good heavens ! why are you thus concealed from every eye ?" " Sir." said she, " I had the misfortune to offend my mother, and, as I cannot act as she wishes, I have not yet been able to associate with her. I am much obliged for your civility, but I admit no visitors." Not all Danby's persuasive manner could induce her to let him stay, or to tell him why she was thus confined ; but he vows he will make her mother tell him ; and no doubt but his restless spirit will get to the bottom of it, ere long. Danby says, her room was fitted up very prettily, and ornamented with drawings of her own, which he could see by one she was in the act of finishing, when he intruded upon her. There was an elegance in her manner that struck us all though we could only see her through the key-hole. I hope, at least till the mystery is unravelled, that he will not further molest her. I gave him a lecture upon forbearance ; and he declared that he had no other views in wishing to know the history

history of this sweet girl, than wishing to relieve her, for it was impossible she could like being shut up in this manner; and he owned he should endeavour to gain admittance, merely to chat and laugh with her; but, "upon his soul," at present he had no other intentions. He is not, however, in such an affair as this exactly to be trusted, and I shall narrowly watch him; there are, unhappily, a number of objects of equal beauty, who are certainly fair game; so that it is an unnecessary piece of villainy to break in upon the repose of an honest family; and I have some thoughts of giving Mrs. Llewelyn a caution not to suffer any of the party, or the servants to intrude. I dare say, this prudence in *me*, will affect you with vast surprise; but, you may remember, my dear Stanhope, both you and I had these sentiments, though boasting of them in town, would not have gained us much applause from our companions. However, it is a heartfelt satisfaction to me, to be able to say, that I
have

have never, in all my life, made a father, mother, or husband unhappy. I confess, I have been pretty often an offender with those who had done that kind office for their friends before I knew them. It strikes me at this instant, that you and I are both upon a plan of smoothing over our past follies ; this looks like sincerely repenting of them ; however, I gain no ground with my charmer for my present laudable conduct ; for I was talking quite good with her one day, and when I had done, she said, " Oh, Mr. Freeman, what a hypocrite you are ! " I am always now in time for church ; I confess I have the additional inducement of sitting opposite her, for I am no hypocrite ; and moreover, we walk together afterwards. Wentworth seems attached to Miss Conway, but he is so reserved, that I will defy any one to penetrate into his sentiments ; they are always talking of the scenes they have witnessed abroad ; and then they become so melancholy, and sympathise so warmly, that I am much
mistaken,

mistaken, if they will not shortly do so, upon an occasion more immediately their own.

Mr. Aubrey is going to Bath soon, for his health, at which time, my charmer and her friend, Miss Conway, are to have a doleful separation, as the latter is going into Yorkshire, to your Miss Willoughby.

It is very singular, that such a set of rattle-brain fellows, who have ever abused matrimony, should, as we have done, all, with one accord, fall in love; and with women all entitled to inspire serious attachments: it is a wonderful change indeed!—But Danby is come in, with a very important face, and I must, for a moment, attend to what he has to communicate.—

Well, he has been receiving a billet from the lady in the garret, and, as subjects from hence are rather barren, I shall

shall transcribe it, verbatim, for your amusement, as you expressed wonderful curiosity upon her subject.

MISS LLEWELYN TO MR. DANBY.

SIR,

You did me the favor to express an eagerness to hear the occasion of the penance I am at this moment doing, and as I find it highly repugnant to my feelings as well as extremely improper to be honored with your company during the recital, I shall be as little tedious as possible in acquainting you with my misfortunes. I hope when I have been thus communicative, that you will agree with me in thinking that the more recluse I live, the more proper for my situation; I have hitherto adhered to it, and I hope that self-satisfaction will not now be denied

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me. My mother as you already know, had no other child but myself, and that what money my father has made, was by keeping a trading vessel between this and London. They were enabled by this means to give me a better education than my line of life I think at all required; though I must observe, people in their sphere do fall into this error, more than was formerly the custom by all accounts; for I have been told that in the last age, "if a girl could read, write, and work at her needle, it was thought that she was sufficiently educated for a tradesman's daughter;" but now they are sent to the dancing school, and Miss must learn to draw, to speak French, study music, &c. Such Sir, was my misfortune; I went to the first school at Bath, where I made very rapid improvements in every thing I learned. For the first year or two I was happy when the holidays arrived to go home, but I soon began to be ashamed of spending them among my parent's acquaintance; and though I never was ungrateful

grateful enough to cease loving them, yet I began to perceive how unlike they were to myself, and to be conscious of my own superiority : in short, notwithstanding I had I trust naturally a good heart, I could not help regretting their situation, and that I was not born in a higher station. This discontent which was the consequence of my living with my betters, made me pass my time when at home very miserably : all the old associates whom I had formerly loved were grown insipid, if not disgusting to me ; they appeared so very illiterate, and so little to my taste, that I was evidently very uncomfortable in their presence ; they still loved me, and accused me of being grown proud ; but this certainly was not the case, for I endeavoured to conceal from them my distaste for their society, at the same time I confess that I took every opportunity of leaving their company.

My mother was always trying to place in view my accomplishments, and I en-

deavoured to conceal them as much, that they might not feel their inferiority.

There was a young man, the son of a wealthy tradesman *in Swansea*, a man that sold haberdashery and all sorts of ware; this person from a boy had always singled me out from the rest of the girls, and as his father was considered one of the richest people in the place, my mother encouraged it, and always looked forward to its being a very fine piece of emolument for me, which I cannot resist observing made her giving me such an education quite out of character. At sixteen as I saw the scheme of this good woman, I could not help intreating my father to use his authority for me to return for one more year to school, which I had the pleasure of accomplishing. I had formed an intimacy with Miss Evelyn, who was not to leave school till that time.—She was the daughter of a man of fortune and family in North Wales, and our acquaintance at school originally began, from our having
both

both belonged to the principality, though from different quarters. We soon became inseparable companions, and to the best of my recollection we never differed in sentiments, or in the smallest matter during all the years that we were together; and when the holidays came, at which we were to part, perhaps for ever, which our different situations in life gave us reason to apprehend, she wrote to Mrs. Evelyn, and mentioned her only reason for regretting that she was leaving school, and intreated leave to invite me into Denbighshire with her, to which she readily assented. I wrote for my mother's consent, which she sent me immediately.

I cannot describe how mutually delighted we were at this indulgence; and I continued with them at their earnest intreaty eight months, and accompanied them wherever they visited, as "the late school-fellow and chosen friend of Miss Evelyn." We went together to balls innumerable, and I had frequently an

opportunity of meeting a Mr. Gordon, who was at that time recruiting at Wrexham, which was very near Mrs. Evelyn's house. He danced with me constantly, and at last my friend told me her mother "wished to know if Mr. Gordon had *any right* to claim my hand every night; if not, it was a very improper, and a very unusual thing to be so constantly dancing with him." I knew nothing of customs or etiquettes, and I was surprised; however I very truly said, "he had no claim but that of always asking me before any one else, and I did not know how I was to refuse him as that was the case." But as I was not of a perverse temper, and they assured me of the impropriety I was guilty of, I refused him at the next ball, and every body else of course who asked me afterwards. He said, "I am afraid Miss Llewelyn I have offended you, or that you are not well," I said, "Oh dear no, you are quite mistaken, but it is not in my power to dance;" he said, "he could not understand that, but if he had done
any

any thing to give me displeasure, he would rather die than not be forgiven." He sat by me however the whole evening, and questioned me so much that I was forced to acknowledge, that " finding it was quite unusual to dance often with the same partner, I did not wish to be singular, and having refused him, in course I thought the gentlemen who asked me afterwards must likewise be refused." He begged that might not prevent my dancing with any one else; but as the ball was almost over before he drew from me this explanation, I persisted in sitting still. As Mrs. Evelyn was at cards, and her daughter dancing, I was *tete à tete* most part of the evening with Mr. Gordon, and after I had told him why I sat by, he became grave, and hardly spoke; he continued to set by me it is true, but it appeared more from the good humoured motive of not suffering me to sit alone, than any pleasure he took in being with me. I began upon his silence to feel myself very awkwardly situated, and suddenly jumped

up, and stood by Mrs. Evelyn's card table till the carriage came. Upon our return home she again reproved me, and in a harsh manner for *my particularity*; I cleared myself by relating the matter of fact.—She desired “ I would never do such a thing again, as I valued her good opinion; for in *my line of life* I ought to be very cautious, not to give young men of fortune or fashion encouragement, especially heirs apparent, like Mr. Gordon, for no one of that description would think of forming a connexion with me, and my flirting looked like laying a bait. She knew General Gordon very well, that he was the proudest man in England, and if he was to hear who I was, would be angry with his son for having paid me such distinction, even at a country ball; which men do perpetually without ever dreaming of you again, I can tell you Miss, said she.” I at first attended to these admonitions, though the manner of her delivering them was no doubt extremely mortifying and indelicate, and I must say, though

though in some cases she was a very warm friend, yet it galled her extremely to see an atom of attention paid to any one but her daughter. She could not endure that any young woman should be put in competition with her, and she had an ugly way of *atting* all the beaux of fortune that came into the country, in hopes that they would all dance with Miss Evelyn, if not take a fancy *for life* with her. It was notorious that she never took any notice of officers who had nothing to exist on but their pay : Mr. Gordon she had shewn particular attention to, and grew every day more chagrined to see that it was not his plan to return it in the family. She did not scruple to say, that I pushed myself down his throat, and if by chance I was better dressed than ordinary, (for my parents allowed me most liberally) it made her peevish for the whole evening : this it was impossible not to see, and to lament, at once for her sake, and my own ; as really excepting this one little spark of envy, she was a very worthy and a very

sensible woman, with a heart ever open to distress; and she had till she considered me a rival to her daughter, always treated me most kindly. *At first*, I took her advice respecting Mr. Gordon very kind, as I did not know the motive, for I was not possessed of enough knowledge of the world to guess the real objection, and I therefore complied; but this coarse and cutting speech opened my eyes at once, and I determined as soon as good manners would permit, to quit a house where the Lady's eagerness to have her daughter admired *solely*, made her say the most poignant things. I mentioned to my friend the resolution I had formed of going home; she expostulated with me most affectionately, and with a degree of sincerity that I always adored as one of the striking features in her character, told me how much she disliked my leaving her; she urged the disadvantages of my situation at Swansea, &c. &c. in which I agreed; but I said that "as the time must come for our parting, sooner or later, and
that

that being just now piqued at the manner of Mrs. Evelyn's reproof, I seemed to fancy I could better at this minute endure the separation than when things were going on as smooth as they had done heretofore." I mentioned it to the mother, who received the information with much less concern than her daughter; that, indeed I might expect, but she appeared downright rejoiced, when I said "it was my intention to go home."

We fixed the next week for my departure, and Mrs. Evelyn was so good as to offer to send me fifty miles on my way home, and I was to write to my father to meet me afterwards. This being projected, we were all good friends again: I felt for the first time in my life, a secret pleasure in having a home to go to, and a thousand times did I repent that ever I left it.

I began to feel that Mr. Gordon had made himself too agreeable to me, and

the more I saw the improbability of our ever being further acquainted, the more I longed for the hour to come when I should be conveyed out of his sight. It was very painful to me to apprehend that he might know who I was; in short, I was thoroughly mortified, and nothing seemed to comfort me, but the near prospect I had of being once more among people of my own sphere. We were however to be at one more ball together; it was given by the officers belonging to Mr. Gordon's corps, who were quartered in Wrexham and its environs; I intreated to be left at home, but Miss Evelyn would not consent, as she said our time together was become too precious for her to lose a moment of my company. During the time we were dressing, a very affectionate scene took place; we declared most solemnly, that our friendship should never cease but with our lives. I was particularly affected with a combination of feelings, and cried most bitterly, and when I went down to dinner my eyes were very red,

red, and I fancied that my looking extremely ill gave spirits to Mrs. Evelyn; (God forgive me if I was wrong) all I know is, she had not spoke so kindly to me for an age, and I hardly knew at first whether to attribute it to my ill looks mostly, or to her joy at my approaching departure.

We were ushered into the ball by Mr. Gordon, who led Mrs. Evelyn up the room, and then took a very elegant looking man up to her daughter as a partner; immediately after he led me into the country dance, saying to my chaperone that "I had refused him the last time we met, and had spoiled his evening, but I am fixed now my dear Madam, not to give your little friend even an option." Mrs. Evelyn looked hurt I thought, but it was not in her power to prevent it at that time, and I confess the secret pleasure that it gave me to dance once more with Mr. Gordon, restored me at once to spirits, and I was more lively than I had been

been for some days ; but notwithstanding this, my red eyes were not unnoticed by my partner ; he enquired “ if I had received any bad accounts from home : ” I replied that “ I had not, but that Miss Evelyn and I had been anticipating our misfortune of being soon to separate, and that it was to that he might attribute my dolorous countenance ; but I begged to drop the subject that I might have a merry evening at my last ball.” He said, “ however merry *you* may intend to be Miss Llewelyn, you have taken care to damp all my prospects of being gay. Good God ! are you really going ?—To what place ? possibly I may see you no more ! shall you forget the many gay hours we have passed together ? the innumerable laughs that we have had ? ah you will never have another partner that will delight in you as I have done.” I replied, “ to Swansea I am going, Sir, immediately : ” this ~~was~~ much more than I was prepared for, my already agitated spirits could scarcely support it ; it was a transition

fition that had almost exposed me in the room : I was ready to sink, and one tear would fall, in spite of the company, in spite of my endeavours to prevent it. He added, " it is possible that there may be some particular attraction in Swansea, that you go to it so soon ;" I said " Oh yes, that of my father and mother's living there ; and I have made a very long stay, and it is time I returned to them." I intreated to drop the subject, as I had already suffered a great deal between the duty I owed my mother, and the pain of leaving my friend would occasion me. I attempted to be chearful afterwards, but he really gave me no aid, and we scarcely spoke again. At our return from the ball, Mrs. Evelyn said, " it is time my dear that you were at home ; this young man's attentions will do you vast injury, for if he really is serious, it is out of the question for him ever to hope for his father's consent, and it may make you unhappy if he should engage your affections, besides giving you a distaste for
 home,

home, which will be very inconvenient to you I should imagine."

I assured her that I would go no more into any company, while I had the honor to be an inmate in her family, and I begged therefore for the short time I had to stay, that she would indulge me by not saying any thing more about this gentleman; and I should go away with a very heavy heart, if I received an impression that I had behaved with any impropriety under her roof. Miss Evelyn told her mother that if she talked any more to me in that strain, she should break her heart; upon this she was *moved to silence*, and nothing more occurred of a disagreeable nature from her, while I continued at her house. At length the day arrived when I was to depart, and I shall never efface from my mind the scene my friend and I had at our separation: the reflection that she never could visit me, and that the person I had found her mother to be, would prevent my ever repeating my visit,

visit, was at the moment of parting a painful augmentation to my grief. My not foreseeing a period when we could meet again, rendered my journey a very melancholy one, for I loved her as if she had been my sister, and we had not once even differed in opinion during an intimacy of five years.

The joy my father and mother testified at my arrival, and satisfaction they expressed at seeing me so much improved, made me very happy ; I could not have supposed in the disposition I was, that *nature* could have so prevailed, but so it was, and for several days the happiness I conferred I certainly partook of ; I was grown older, and felt ashamed of the ingratitude I had been guilty of towards the authors of my being, in repining that I was not higher born : I determined upon a little plan of going on not inconsistent with my feelings, or my present state in life. The mornings I intended dedicating to my mother's service, and company,

if

if she liked it, and the afternoons in practising and keeping up those accomplishments they had fondly bestowed upon me. I fixed upon my present apartments : they had already bought me at Bath a very fine piano-forte, chosen by my singing master, the well known Rauzzini ; I have a taste too for drawing, which I thought not to lose ; this, my French, Italian, and Geography, I intended should employ all my time, and I meant as a particular recreation to correspond weekly with the friend I have so often spoke of in this tedious detail. Alas ! my fond hopes of content at least, were at once done away, by two painful and unexpected circumstances : a letter arrived from Miss Evelyn (in answer to one I had written her to say I got safe home, &c. &c.) which was evidently dictated by her mother, for it was written in the coolest, the most unkind terms ; just *lamenting* that she was obliged to drop my correspondence, as Mrs. Evelyn had conceived an idea that I was an intriguing young lady, and rather too romantic

mantic to be any longer her child's friend. She ended by saying, "it could answer no end or purpose to keep up an acquaintance at such a distance, and our meeting again seemed totally out of the question." You may easily imagine, Sir, my horror at reading such a letter from my friend; I flew down with it to my mother, who was likewise very much shocked, though from a different motive: *she* supposed I had done something offensive, and it required all my interest and eloquence to remove that idea; I related to her all that had passed, but she was not enough acquainted with *etiquette* any more than myself, to *understand* the misdemeanor alledged against me; and I verily believe she doubted my veracity, and thought there must be more than I told her: but I said every thing to change her opinion, and she then said, "Mrs. Evelyn will soon be *convinced* of your innocence, for your father and I have just accepted young Mr. Simpkins's offers for you, and a very fine thing it is truly;

truly ; his father has left him within this twelvemonth, ten thousand pounds ; he is coming this afternoon to tell you himself, how long, and how dearly, he has loved you. Cheer up therefore my dear, make yourself smart, and look gay at the good fortune that awaits you ; you will be the tip top of Swansea." All that had passed before, seemed nothing to the stroke that my mother had given me : at once the image of Mr. Gordon came into my mind ; I felt indignant, that a girl he had honoured with such attention, should be named for the Lout in question ; I burst into tears, and said, " my dear mother do not talk so, if this man was a Duke's son I would not marry him ; I could not, I feel I could not : but to be stuck down with such a vulgar animal, to serve I suppose in his shop, I could not endure it. Why did you give me any education ? why give me notions above my lot, if this it was you meant for me ? I can never be his, I ever detested him from a child, when he had the impertinence to single me out ;

let

let him marry some other person, for he never never shall marry me."

I cannot paint to you Sir, my mother's face when I had ceased talking; her eyes quite flashed with rage, her cheeks were in half a second red as poppies: she said, "very well Miss! this is your behaviour, this your gratitude to your parents, who have been giving you such an expensive education, upon the hope of your settling in this creditable manner: pray what right have you to turn up your nose at Mr. Simpkins? surely he is your betters, and every girl in the place has been setting her cap at him; but he always said he would have you when you was *finished*, and have you he shall, or I will know the reason why. He was in such a *quanderry* while you was in Denbighshire, for fear some of the gentry would turn your head, but I always assured him that I would put it in the right place again if they should, and so I will I can tell you; so prepare yourself to receive him, and upon that
confi-

consideration only, I shall forgive your expressions of contempt, and conceal them from him and your father."

It was useless to say any thing in reply, or to attempt reasoning with her; she would hear nothing, "after the monstrous impertinence I had been guilty of." I therefore prepared myself for the visit, and determined to try if Mr. Simpkins' heart was a good one, and to tell him at once, that it made me the most completely unhappy creature even to think of marrying.

Unluckily he was not the sort of person to relinquish me; he fancied that it would be a fine feather in his hat to marry a young lady from "the Bath boarding school;" and moreover the lad had persuaded himself into believing he was actually in love with me. He arrived in a most sprightly humour; "I am come Miss," said he, "as soon as ever I saw shop shut up, and tossed a little powder into my hair,

to

to pay my *devoires* to you." In case Sir, that you were never in his *shop* to see this *gentleman*, I will give you a description of him. He is a short, square looking man, with a shining face, and snub nose, a very white set of large teeth, and a mouth from ear to ear; black eyes, and a prodigious quantity of hair of the same hue, as course as a horse's mane, which he dresses in a *magnificent* way behind. He has of a Sunday always a new coat on, and buttons that strike you at a mile distance; fine fatten waistcoats, black fatten breeches, deep ruffles, a jemmy cane *and tassels*; in short Sir, he is *the beau of the counter*; he values himself as much for his figure as for his money, and had not the most remote idea of any one's being able to refuse him; such was the personage my mother had *raised* her hopes that I should be united to; but I declare it was almost insupportable to me to speak to him. He entered as I told you before, with a most smirking countenance, and I received him with a very cool courtesy. He said, "Miss, I
began

began to fear that you would never come back. I told Mrs. Llewelyn that I was afraid some Squire, or Captain would rob me of my love ; I do assure you I have thought of it a hundred times as I set in shop ; I thought you would come to harm being among so many great folks, but now you are come to me handsomer and genteeler than ever, and I am quite out of my wits as the saying is." He then viewed himself from head to foot in the glass, and continued, " well my dear Miss, when is it to be ? when will you make me happy with your hand ? I have bespoke a neat horse chair, and you shall have our dining room papered." Till then, he had not given me leave to put in a word : I said, " Mr. Simpkins, I am afraid you have been misinformed as to my sentiments upon your account, but not to keep you longer in the dark, or detain you at this time, I think it necessary to tell you that I never can be your's, though I certainly am obliged for the preference you shew me, but marrying you is against
my

my inclination, it is morally impossible that we can ever be happy together, we are so very unsuitable." "As to that Miss, I think we are very suitable for my part; my father left me a very great fortune, and ~~folks~~ say your's can double it; you have been very well brought up, and so have I; I shall keep a boy, besides the maid, and except market days, you'll have nothing to do in shop; but what signifies talking, you must have me, it is all over the place that we have been betrothed, and it would make us both look silly if it went off; some people were spiteful enough to tell mother that you would look above I, but it is not so, dear Miss; you were only in play, was you?" I was as composed as possible, but I confess it was very difficult. I repeated my determination never to marry him, and that being the case, I intreated that he would not urge it to my mother; I endeavoured to reason with him, upon the miserable prospect of marrying me, when I before hand declared that I could not like him; however, he said, "he

was sure it was only diffidence in me, and that as soon as I could in the smallest degree, combat my first reluctance, love would be mutual; that we were born he believed for each other, the match was made in Heaven;" I begged he would cease to believe any thing of the kind, *I was fixed as fate*, and I only flung myself upon his generosity, to do away my mother's resentment, that was *all* I asked of him, and as a man, as an honest person, I trusted he would not widen the breach between us.

Upon which I flew out of the room, and left him to his meditations; I do not know how far he endeavoured to appease her wrath, or whether he made any efforts to that effect, but I found her enraged beyond all description: she was in such a violent passion, that I was quite alarmed. My father was just then gone to sea, and I had really no friend; I persisted however never to marry him, and with that declaration, I walked out of the house.

I was

I was in tears, and terrible agitated indeed ; I observed an officer coming towards me, whom I tried to avoid, upon account of my agitation, but I soon saw by the hasty strides he took, that he was resolved to overtake me ; I endeavoured to put as much composure as possible into my countenance. You may imagine, Sir, my surprise, when I saw that the gentleman who was making up to me was *Mr. Gordon*, and I can give you no idea of the transition from sorrow to joy, that in an instant diffused itself over me.

He however perceived that I was in trouble, and intreated to hear the occasion. I told him " I had had several occasions, since I had the pleasure of seeing him last, but that what particularly hurt me at this instant, was my having offended my mother ; and from the cause, it was impossible I could ever make it up with her, as I could not but be disobedient on the most important event in my life." He begged, " if the important

H 2

point

point I alluded to, was not a profound secret, to be informed if it concerned the disposal of my hand. It was not from idle curiosity, but that he felt the tenderest concern in every thing that related to me, that he had admired me from the first of our meeting, and that latterly he had loved me beyond the whole world; but he would be candid to own, that from some circumstances he had gathered since my departure from Mrs. Evelyn's, he had tried every thing, to conquer his passion for me, but finding it unconquerable, he applied to his father, who treated him so harshly, and made such violent resolutions if he married me, to disinherit him, that it was impossible to describe the misery he had endured in the short time of my absence. He condemned Mrs. Evelyn for not *at first* telling him how matters were, as he would have avoided me upon the first discovery of his penchant, for his father's sake; as for himself, he was so well pleased with me, he would not wish to look further; and it was impossible by
my

my manner, &c. for any one to think that I was not more than his equal, and it was not till his heart was totally gone, that it occurred to him to enquire who I was. He had been so very ill since we parted, that it was remarked by every one; (and in truth he *was* sadly altered) and that he considered health, and the wife of his choice, greater blessings than a *broken heart*, and a rich heiress that his father had destined for him; and therefore he had come to a resolution to live upon his pay, (as many full as worthy men did before him) rather than give up the hopes of spending his days with me; but as he did not like to fly in his father's face, he wished the marriage to be private, and he should then if I would consent, return with chearfulness to his regiment, and even be contented to go with it abroad, if nothing but death could deprive him of me. He added, that it was upon the happy discovery that he was not disagreeable to me, that he ventured to ask so

H 3

hastily,

hastily, a favor upon which his very existence depended."

You may suppose, Sir, I was not a little confused at so precipitate a proposal, and at first refused to listen to a scheme, which would ruin him with his father: I felt hurt *at the mention* he made of my connexions, which though not what he had a right to expect, did not strike me, as quite so low as I thought he hinted; besides, though I had seen him perpetually for eight months, we were not I thought enough acquainted to form such a connexion. I had long felt that he possessed my heart, but I had considered it as a very romantic passion, and that I would drive him from my remembrance.

He would not hear my objections; he only listened to my mother's scheme of marrying me to Mr. Simpkins, and then said, "only consider how you will be exposed to the persecutions of this man, and if the perpetual disputes your mother
and

and you will have together, do not render you *miserable*, they will annoy you sadly ; whereas, if you will honor me *with* your hand, (for you would do any man an honor to marry him) you will know that at any rate marrying *him* is impossible, and that you *have* a protector in the world, who will step forward as soon as possible and claim you (if you are too much persecuted) to his father. Think, I say, how much less you will be worn by their intreaties, when you reflect upon our indissoluble union ; ah, my dearest girl, no longer hesitate ; give me at once your hand, I have got a special licence, and as soon as possible we will be again married, if you require it, in the face of the world : but let it for the present be kept secret, for fear of my father's immediate resentment, as he has so lately forbid it : your mother for the world must not be privy to it, lest her resentment at her friend's disappointment should induce her to betray us. Keep yourself as much up from your former acquaintance as possible,

and by that means avoid the bore of this vulgar fellow, who will marry you, whether you will or not." It was high time for me to return home, and I told him that I would consider of it, and meet him at the same place the next morning, with my decision.

I entered with a more chearful face than I had when I went out, though my mind was more taken up, even than before, as I was then decided, but now I was all aground ; I *felt* which way I was disposed, but then it seemed such a want of duty to my own mother, and want of principle to General Gordon. My mother, however, roused me from my doubts, by saying, " my dear, I am glad to see you recovered from the little pettishness I observed in you ; Mr. Simpkins, who is sweet tempered, is up in your little room, looking over your music, paintings, &c." upon which I exclaimed, " he is excessively impertinent," and up I flew ; my mother desired I would send him down

to

to supper, which I did in a second, and it was disagreeable to me enough to be forced to follow him down, as I wished to have sat alone, and God knows had little appetite to eat. My rencountre with Mr. Gordon, had given such a new turn to my thoughts, that I hardly heard my mother, when she was endeavouring to palliate my late incivility; and as to my present silence, they construed it into tacit obedience, and young Mr. Simpkins was beginning to get familiar, which roused me from the apathy I had been in. He had already ventured to kiss my hand, and again to call me "dear Miss;" upon which I jumped up, seized my flat candlestick, made him and my mother a most profound reverence, and went immediately into my bed room; I locked my door, that my mother might not come in to scold me, and I then turned my thoughts to a very different subject, from what was at that time passing in their breasts below. I viewed over and over again the scheme that Mr. Gordon had offered to my con-

sideration: by turns I thought of the ingratitude to my mother and father, who had ever done what they fancied best for me, and whom I had heard often declare "that I never should marry a red coat:" then Mr. Simpkins' odiousness came into my head; which together with my attachment for his rival, turned the scale. I also knew that my mother was of a very forgiving temper, and that when it was over, and I was the *declared wife* of Captain Gordon, she would pardon it, and my father who was under the greatest order, would do exactly as she did. Mr. Gordon's evident ill health, the different mode of life and style I should be in with him, (though we were not in great circumstances,) which I found was become necessary to my happiness; all this joined to my being myself but too much in love, made me resolve upon obeying the dictates of my heart; and as I had neither art nor deceit, I did not wish to make a favor of what upon the whole I was very willing to grant.

The

'The next morning I was exact to my appointment; I told him what my sensations had been, and the resolution that I had formed; he was beyond measure delighted, and said, "that if I would go and prepare my mind, &c. for the ceremony, he would in the mean time send to a young friend of his, who was within twelve miles of Swansea, and had taken orders lately; that he was sure he would perform the ceremony with pleasure." His friend came in a very few hours, and we were united; he was forced to leave me immediately, to join his regiment, as his father was to review them on the next day. He took the most tender and affectionate leave of me; he thanked me and said, "I had made him the happiest of men."

I was, however, in very low spirits myself; there was something very distressing in having been prevailed upon to do such a deed, and being left alone to repent of it. It seemed when I reflected upon it, like a dream; I found that the privacy

with which it was conducted, was in the main repugnant to my feelings, and that I was still to be equally subject to the annoyance of Mr. Simpkins. Altogether I felt very wretched, and very forlorn; however, a most affectionate letter which I received from my dear Mr. Gordon, made me some amends, and as it was succeeded by several others, I grew by degrees less discontented. I began to disregard the worries I was wont to have upon account of Mr. Simpkins, and to think all the fuss made was only laughable, as I was in fact out of their reach; but this tranquillity did not last long. My mother came in one morning, and said, "I am determined to lock you up Miss, till you chuse to give your hand to the man of *my* choice, so go up into your room, and be assured I will not be the first to change." I expostulated and intreated all in my power, I threatened to run away from her house, but she equally disregarded my threats and intreaties, and here I am now a victim to her resentment; one thing

thing has done me good, and that is the absence of Mr. Simpkins.

I had the happiness of one letter after my confinement, from my husband, in answer to the complaints I sent him: "it contained expressions of concern at what I had endured, and hopes that all things would soon mend, as he had almost brought himself to a determination to fling himself at his father's feet, and tell him all; he begged that I would compose myself, and endeavour to get leave to breathe a little air once a day, and to amuse myself every moment with keeping up the accomplishments for which he had so particularly admired me." My mother has suffered me upon my urging *my health* to go out in the evening, attended by the maid, who is her *fac totum*, and who I suspect has been the means of depriving me of Mr. Gordon's letters; certain it is, I never now get any, and the suspense I am in about him, renders me quite miserable. This Sir, is the finale of my long tale, and
I think

I think you will agree with me, as to the impropriety of my seeing any gentlemen, and I have no doubt but you will give up your *polite* intentions of "visiting me every day."

I have the honor to be

Your most humble servant,

AMELIA GORDON.

Continuation of Mr. Freeman's Letter.

I dare say, my dear Stanhope, you will feel with us for this poor young woman; I wish from my soul that her husband may soon claim her; he *ought* to do it, for she is a lovely creature. I suspect the letters have fallen into the mother's hands, and that he will soon come to see what is become

become of her : Danby looks very blank upon it ; I begin to think he had worked himself up into fancying he was in love with her ; however, it will not hurt him ; the odds are, he forgets she is in being within this week, as he perceives she is not comeatable.

We leave this place in a fortnight's time, and at Christmas we talk of going down together to Bath : Mr. Aubrey goes there for his health, which affords me pleasant speculations : God bless you my friend ; and further us in our pious resolves, as well as in our loves. This story came in very apropos, from a love sick man, who had nothing but your passion, and his own to write about. Farewell,

Your's with all my heart,

CHARLES FREEMAN.

LETTER XIII.

Miss Conway to Miss Willoughby.

Bath.

WE are just arrived here, my dear cousin, and I hope to be with you next week: my friend is obliged by the kind invitation your last contained, but at this time, her accepting it is impossible.

Mr. Aubrey intends staying here all the winter, and I have promised to return again at Christmas, and to bring you if possible. I felt very sorry when our party at Swansea broke up: they have all tried their skill to entertain me, and to
raise

raise my spirits, and with great success, for I am a vast deal less miserable than I was.

I have had opportunities of knowing a great deal more of Mr. Wentworth, than I did abroad; indeed he has endeavoured all he could to persuade me that he is in love with me; it is the constant *theme of his song* of late, and I have been forced to own to him, that I had parted with my heart long ago; and that though it was to an ingrate, the wound had been too deep, ever to be perfectly healed. I wish, as it has turned out, that I had bestowed my affections on Mr. Wentworth, instead of my cruel "Villebon;" but the subject of love to me now is disgusting, and I have hinted as much to him: he has, however, made it his request, that the acknowledgement he had given of his passion, might not deprive him of my friendship; which I assured him it should not: he vowed his life should be a life of celibacy: I begged no rash vows; and said, "that I should

should take greater pleasure in his acquaintance, if he was never again to talk to me in that manner:" he assured me that he would avoid it as much as was in his power. I should regret losing him as a friend, for he is a charming young man; and from the first of our acquaintance, has shewed me the most flattering attentions. I must repeat that it would have been a lucky circumstance, if my heart had been bestowed upon him, instead of where it was: his being of my own religion, and of my own country, all would have rendered it a more desirable connexion. But why do I talk of this? what have I to do now with the Marquis? has he not left me for another? Oh Heavens, when will the sad remembrance of his infidelity, of the scene in the garden, be blotted from my mind! When I name him, every thing at once rushes into my thoughts; it injures my health to look back, it sinks me to the earth: but I will turn to other subjects; I am become a shocking egotist, a poor creature, hardly worth your notice.

I was

I was sadly mortified at the indignity, you described in your last; it was humiliating, even from so contemptible a wretch as Mr. Dashwood. The picture you have drawn of him, is a most odious one indeed: I know of no expression strong enough to execrate his conduct to women. I am equally filled with indignation and concern, that such fine spirits, fine feelings, fine understanding, and exquisite sensibility and agreeableness, should have been trampled upon by a reptile, too degenerate to belong to any species; invective is to be sure unavailing now. There was quite a concert of abuse in this house, when I read that part of your letter: Mr. Aubrey says, you should not appear to remember it; though of course you will avoid as much as possible, speaking to him, unless he addresses you, and then it should be with civility, as you must beware of making this unprincipled dangerous monster your enemy.

I shall be happy to hear all Mrs. Penton's

ton's interrogatories, provided she will propose them in *one* day ; otherwise I shall be out of patience, for I have not spirits to be perpetually talking to such an inquisitive impertinent woman, as I remember her to be : that ugly trick she has, of retailing every thing one says to my Lady, makes her a great bore.

I do not know what opinion to give, as to Sir Thomas Stanhope's professions : you have every right to inspire, both an ardent, and a sincere attachment ; and I hope it is both in this case, as your heart seems a little interested already, in its termination : if he is the man of sense you describe, he will not attend to a coxcomb's opinions. As we are so soon to meet, my dear girl, I shall not tire you with *suggestions*, or remarks at this time. I am most unalterably your affectionate friend,

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XIV.

*The Marquis de Villebon to Monsieur de
Cologne.*

YOUR most welcome letter, and the kind request it contained, I am greatly obliged for; I should gladly embrace any opportunity of meeting your father, and of seeing you, but my dear Isabella is not well enough to be left.

As soon as travelling will be safe for her, she is to go to try what the Bath waters will do for her. I am wretched, beyond measure wretched, at the uncertainty I continue in, as well as seeing my
sister

sister so unhappy, and so indisposed. I have met with several emigrants from my country, who were acquainted with my love, but none can give any intelligence respecting her, excepting that the convent in which I left her, had been destroyed: most likely your father knows no more. If it was not for Isabella, I should not exist, but sink under my affliction; but I feel that if I break my heart entirely, that she will be forlorn, and without a friend, not knowing a syllable of English: already her roses are faded, and her spirits decaying; I impute it all to the life I have led her. I cannot disguise what I suffer always, and lately I am grown more impatient than ever of my ignorance. I remember there was a man, I fancied was endeavouring to be my rival; perhaps he has taken advantage of my absence, and gained her hand; yet her vows! her reiterated vows! how dare I accuse this best of women of inconstancy? Of late, my hearing from her has been impracticable, and how do I know what at first
pre-

prevented it? unreasonable wretch that I am: it is possible she may have met with some accident! avert it Heaven! Oh, I shall go distracted! I cannot speak eternally (now Isabella is so ill) to her upon it, and the restraint kills me, and makes it worse to bear. I will, ere I conclude, take a little air, that I may not say farewell, quite in so desponding a mood.

Oh, my friend! I have seen her! I have seen my Louisa! she is at this moment within *one mile* of me! I was returning home from my ride, when I passed a carriage in which was Miss Willoughby, who I once saw, I perceived (in the instant I was bowing to her) the profile of my Louisa! by Heavens it is true! Oh, what was my sensation, what my gratitude, at that minute! I had, however, just presence of mind to say to the servant who followed the carriage, "what is that lady's name with Miss Willoughby? Oh, Cologne, judge of my delight when he answered "Conway, Sir;" that she should
be

be alive, single, and so near to me ; it was too much ; it overcame me. I followed them with my eyes to the end of the avenue, and I would have gone after them, but I felt myself unable to move ; my senses seemed to have forsaken me, and for a while I set in a sort of reverie ; at last I awoke to the happy discovery I had made. I looked at my watch, and found I had been an hour in this state : I attempted to get on horseback (for I had slipped off upon a bank, in my agitation) but I found I was too weak to remount, I therefore led my horse as well as I could, and to my no small concern I saw my poor Isabella hobbling out to look for me ; she saw the temper of mind I went out in, and was terrible alarmed for me ; I should have began by chiding her for such extreme carelessness of her health, but I was so taken up with my happiness, that I only exclaimed, “ I have seen her, she is at Mrs. Willoughby’s ;” my countenance was so distraight, and the words I uttered so extraordinary, that she concluded (what she

she had more than once apprehended had come to pass) that my love and disappointments had deprived me at length of my senses. She flew up to me, and said, in her angelic strain, "My dear Villebon, be composed or you will kill me. Do not look at me in that wild manner, Do not utter such incoherent expressions." I clasped my hands together, and said again "*She is here, she is at Willoughby-Place, Louisa is safe, she is still Miss Conway, I have seen her!*"

My sister began to perceive that the present distraction (which she at first apprehended to be so melancholy) was actually at the joyful discovery I had made. She flew into my arms, and said every thing tender, and congratulatory upon the subject; she endeavoured to assist me, but we were invalids, and we agreed to walk slowly home; I led the horse, and upon our arrival we sat down, and, with as much calmness as I was able, endeavoured to plan what was to be done. At first, I

thought of rushing into the presence of my treasure, but Isabelle, who is all prudence and good sense, recommended my writing to her, and my even staying till to-morrow before I did that, when she said I should be more composed. I consented not to *send* to her that moment, but I begged at least to *write* the letter instantly, which I am now going to do, as I have brought myself enough to my senses by giving you first this happy intelligence, to be able to write a proper letter for the eyes of this dear woman.

Alas! Cologne, I am ruined, I am undone! Louisa is gone! How could I follow the advice which, in the coolness of her prudence, Isabelle so cruelly administered? had I sent last night, I, by this time, might have been happy; but now she is gone, God knows where, or if ever to return. I came originally into this country because I remembered to have heard her speak of it, but the name of Willoughby I do not remember at all to have heard her mention,

tion, at least not particularly. I wrote to her expressive of my joy, my inexpressible rapture at having only seen her en passant; I entreated that she would point out a mode for me to immediately throw at her feet the tenderest, and the most faithful of lovers; I sent it by nine o'clock this morning: the servant brought back word that the family were gone two hours before to London, and they could not tell for how long a time; disappointment, vexation, and despair; the effects of all three fell upon my poor sister. I termed her busy, over cautious, cold, fit only to have been a Nun; in short, I overpowered her with my cruel epithets, till she burst into tears, which reminded me of her delicate state of health, and my cruelty and ingratitude, but I was in torture; placed as I thought within a few minutes of reaching the summit of happiness, to, all of a sudden, hear my hopes were dashed; yet I was sensibly touched with remorse, when I saw the distress I had occasioned by my pettishness to my dear Isabelle. I begged

her forgiveness, took her upon my knee, and she is all mildness: she pardoned me immediately, and with her usual good sense and consideration, said " You can easily trace the foot steps of your Louisa, be calm, and remember what a much better prospect you have of seeing her, than you had; recollect what a situation of darkness and suspense you were in; and be thankful at least that she is alive, and not (as you at times apprehended) the wife of another.

We then once more sat down to consider for the best how I was to act, and it was agreed that I should go to Willoughby-Place, and make all necessary enquiries: I know enough of English from the instructions I have often received of my lovely Mistress to make myself perfectly understood, and I will not yet release you till I am returned from making these enquiries.

I cannot help telling you (though I
know

know it will be painful, and displeasing to you) that Isabelle is again really ill; she is unequal to enduring any thing out of the common way, and had a sort of fainting fit just now, and is gone to bed: I have been alone to Mrs. Willoughby's, where I learned from the house-keeper, that Miss Conway was merely gone up to settle some affairs in town, and that Mrs. Willoughby, who is her Aunt, (and now I remember her speaking often of her *Aunt and Cousin*, though without calling them by their names) is gone with her upon the same occasion; they are not expected to be absent long, but I shall write, and prepare her as soon as she returns, for my visit. I am now easy for the present at least; indeed, but for my poor Isabelle, I might say happy almost; but to see her in the bloom of youth decaying in so premature a manner, is painful to a brother who doats upon her as I do. I trust in Heaven that Bath will be of service to her: I shall accompany her thither, as

soon as I have had one interview with Louisa. I ought now to apologise for having concealed from you the name of Miss Conway, as well as it's having been to an English woman that I had so long given my heart; the fact was, I was destined to be the husband of another, and my relations (especially my Aunt at Laufanne) were beyond measure averse to people of her country, and I was apprehensive they would do us both in these times of mischief, some great injury if the engagement transpired that subsisted between us, I made therefore no confidant but yourself, and I could not bring myself, *even to you*, to be thoroughly unreserved in case of accidents. My Isabelle is a rigid Catholic, and I fear it has sunk her spirits particularly to see my whole soul set upon one who was of a different religion from myself: I have always determined upon never interfering with her's, and my Louisa has a thousand times given me the same assurance on her part.

Adieu,

Adieu, remember me most respectfully
to the Marquis de Cologne, and believe
me very

Faithfully your's,

VILLEBON.



LETTER XV.

*From Monsieur de Cologne, Jun. to the
Marquis de Villebon.*

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

ALTHOUGH it is impossible for a person who loves you as well as I do, not to feel for all your sufferings, and therefore to make *some* allowance for your impetuosity to the best of sisters, yet I must say, I should have congratulated you upon your present good fortune with a better heart, if in your despair you had remembered the tender constitution and delicate feelings of the divine Isabelle; but I will not awaken your grief, but forgive you this once in consideration of the contrition you expressed :

pressed: I am now to inform you, that the ladies my father escorted to England, were a Miss Selway, and the identical Miss Conway, whom you have so long been attached to: this I did not know before the receipt of your last; how should I indeed, had you not for the very good reasons you assign, kept me in the dark as to her name, your heart would have been at rest much sooner. My dear father is in raptures with Miss Conway, and you have a rival to combat with, for by one or two letters she has written him, I see their regard is quite mutual: he has often told me how dejected and melancholy she was, and he has not been able, since he came down to Lord Anslly's, to put her out of his head: he suspected there was a lover in the case, he said: by this account I conclude she has been lamenting your absence as much as you have her's. I want much to hear why you abandoned her at a time, such as this: when you are at leisure I trust you will tell me every thing.

I meant to have repeated my visit at your cottage, but your intended journey puts it for the present out of the question. To tell you a little secret, I shall contrive to meet you at Bath, and endeavour to induce my dear Isabelle to listen to reason; I have already told my father how much I was interested by this dear invalid, and also of your calamity in being stripped of all your riches; he said, "joyfully should he consent to our union, as I had so immense an affection for her, *provided* it was returned;" which I could not venture to assert: from you, my friend, I ask that information; I sometimes think she quite hates me; at moments I have fancied otherwise: she is peculiarly pleasing to me: I fancy I am partial to a delicate woman, even in ill health, rather than to handsome women in the rudest health and spirits: so few draw a line to please me, and so few are *really* themselves; but I will not in order to compliment your sister, detract from her sex; I know she would not take that as a pleasant compliment: offer her
at

at least my best regards, and best wishes for the re-establishment of her health. We shall meet at Bath: certainly I *must* go there.

I know you will think that I have not said half enough to congratulate you upon your present joy: this temporary vexation, (though mortifying to an eager lover like yourself,) when compared to your situation before, ought to vanish immediately: and I desire you to bear it like a man; and you failed in that respect a little, I must say, upon your *disappointment*, at least my resentment for your behaviour to Isabelle, makes me see it in a light less favorable to you than I should otherwise have done.

My father was mentioning that Miss Conway had a large and independent fortune, which you never once hinted: I conclude that your tale would not sound sufficiently romantic, if you either of you had a competency. I know you will be

angry at my manner of receiving this intelligence, but if you have any penetration you will perceive the cause of my not being thoroughly cordial to you:

Adieu,

DE COLOGNE.



LETTER XVI.

Miss Conway to Miss Selway.

IT was many hours before I could enough recover myself, my dearest Augusta, after our parting, to even look forward with pleasure to a rencôtre with my dear good relations.

You and I have for so long a time been inseparable companions; you have soothed me in all my troubles, have been my solace, my most able monitress; I say you are become so much a part of myself, that I felt quite severed from my better half:
I wept

I wept extremely for many hours. It was in vain that I attempted to comfort myself by the reflection for how very short a time we were to part; it seemed an age: it was enough for me that I was to lose sight of you at all. My maid seemed to feel for my distress, and, of course, thought that instead of being a free agent as I am, that I was forced by some cruel relatives to quit you and go to them against my inclination. I had not spirits to speak to her, which I should have done in return for her sympathising countenance alone, in spite of my dislike to opening my lips to servants, but that I felt unable to speak. This rule of mine, you well know, does not proceed from pride, but I acquired it from my dear Madame de Grammont, whose maxim it was, never to treat her domestics with freedom, but always with humanity: she was almost the only person who in my orphant state ever gave me advice, and her admonitions had due weight with me, as you know, my beloved Augusta.

But

But to return to my journey. On the second day, I was more composed, and by degrees, as I approached the country where I had been so much in my infancy, and from which I had departed so long, I began to be affected in a different manner: every inn, every house, was recognised by me again, and reminded me of the days that were gone: they employed both my eyes and my thoughts as I approached; I grew more impatient for the moment to arrive when I should fly into the arms of my beloved friends, and there seemed an hour between every mile-stone; at length we arrived at the gate of the avenue, and I found them waiting there to receive us, and they had actually been there *two hours*: I sprung into the arms, first of Sophia, then into my Aunt's, and so on alternately for several minutes; and just that time I had forgot my tender Augusta, and even my cruel Marquis: I felt quite in spirits; in a few minutes we reached together, the house from which I set off when I went first into that unhappy country.

try. This brought in some degree to my recollection the scenes that had passed since; and I could not help saying, "Oh! ye peaceful shades, how happy was I ere I left you!" but my cousin gave me a look, a sort of reproachful look, and I felt that it was an ill return for their affection, to bring to my mind any thing sad, and I recovered myself almost immediately. We spent the whole day very much to the satisfaction of all parties; indeed, I had not felt any thing so near happiness a vast while. We have since had a thousand things to talk of, and my health being much mended by the journey, I have been equal to giving them what information they required of me; and, of course, in such a time as we left Paris, I had a great deal to relate that must have escaped me in my letters, since our arrival. I did not write to you as soon as I wished, as they actually could not endure to lose a word I might have to say: besides, I have already been quite engaged, by the compliments that all the

the neighbourhood have been here to make me ; among the rest Lady Edgemore, and Mrs. Penton, were not wanting in attention : I found the latter full as inquisitive as I had been taught to expect ; however, I gratified her in as much as it was in my power ; and as she speaks in a whisper, and as I answered her in the same piano style, she had picked up much intelligence for her Lady, upon their return.

We have written to my guardians to acquaint them, that we are immediately to be in town, to settle with them. They were prepared before, so I hope it will be all in readiness that we may not long be detained from this charming place : though it does not appear to advantage in this season of the year, yet *to me* it is very delightful. We mean to set off to morrow in the morning very early ; to day we have been calling at the French family's that my cousin gave us such an interesting account of. They are all very pleasing, especially Madame de Louvre ; who is blessed with one of the sweetest

sweetest little girls I ever saw. My Aunt is very kind to her, and Sophia takes pains to improve her in the English language; poor little angel, it might be useful to her.

Monfieur de Louvre, is, I fear, in the last stage of a decline, at least he has that appearance: they remember to have *seen* us at Madame de Grammont's, and I also recollect their faces, but among the immense number of the *ci-divant* noblesse that we were accustomed to meet, it is difficult to distinguish those who had not been introduced to us, or particularly of Madame de Grammont's acquaintance. There are vast numbers of French about York, I find. As we were returning from the house of Lady Edgemore's, (where we have likewise been to day) our carriage passed by that beautiful young man, whom, if you recollect she described as being melancholy; I did not see his face, but my cousin returned his bow; it is very sad to have the horrid scenes we have beheld, brought back thus to one's recollection by the sight of these sufferers.

I shall

I shall be very glad when I have received my fortune, to administer comfort to the family, I have been just made acquainted with. I have in this instant turned in my mind, a little plan for the de Louvres'; if Providence will but spare his life, I will advance money to put them in a line of independence, so as to be enabled, for the sake of their feelings, to repay me hereafter, and possess an *existence* at least. But I shall first industriously endeavour to win their affections; for it would be highly indelicate to offer assistance, till I am entitled to so much happiness by an intimacy, which it shall be my business to cultivate, when I return from London. Sophia is grown an extreme fine young woman, and has a natural elegance, that is very remarkable, and uncommon, in a girl brought up so remote from the great world: there is something very lively in whatever she says; at the same time she is gentle, feminine, and tender hearted. She studies my Aunt's very looks, and it is evident, that all she says and does, proceeds equally from duty and affection:

tion : her attentions to all their visitors, make her an universal favorite. She is very humane, and perfectly good tempered ; in short, she is altogether a most charming girl, and would do the first man in the kingdom honour, if she was to become his wife : indeed, I am not speaking from partiality, but it is the observation of every one, that she has the appearance of having been brought up all her days in a court. She seems in high spirits at the thoughts of going to London, and I suspect, and *fear*, that she is elated at the chance there is of her meeting Sir Thomas Stanhope : Lady Edgemore said, he was expected there very soon, but I believe my cousin did not hear it, and I shall not tell her yet, as I should be sorry to damp the pleasure I perceive going to town gives her. If he does come into Yorkshire, during our short absence, and has serious intentions, he will follow her wherever she goes ; if he does not, he is unworthy of such a woman, and it is as well they meet no more. I do not apprehend that her heart is yet so irretrievably gone, as
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to be *long* hurt, if the matter goes no further; yet I think it *too near* that degree of attachment, to desire they should see each other again, if he should not mean to make her his proposals.

I have many things to do this evening, and shall therefore shorten my epistle: I have not any words expressive enough of the extreme gratitude I feel towards Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, for their uncommon tenderness, attention, and hospitality to your poor stupid friend: do you, my Augusta, in your own language, make up for me, if I am deficient; you know me, and all my sentiments: suffer them not to suppose me unmindful of their favors; tell them I have ceased to be so desponding, but be assured I shall never cease to be, your devoted friend,

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XVII.

Miss Conway to Miss Selway.

London.

IT never occurred to me, to give you my address in town, by which piece of incomparable stupidity, I have been deprived of an early answer to my letter : I am vastly provoked with myself. We are (as our stay is so short) at an hotel : it is surprising, how much more comfortable and neat these sort of places are here, than we found them abroad. We sent as soon as possible to Mr. Aimwell, one of my guardians, and he was so obliging as to wait upon my Aunt directly : he brought his attorney, and all my papers

papers with him : my Aunt had her solicitor, and they among them made it appear, that I am possessed of forty-five thousand pounds ; the interest having so much accumulated during my long minority. We all went together the next day to the bank, when I had the pleasure of seeing my fortune transferred into my own name : I have only to hope, therefore, that I may be endued with grace, to dispose of it in such a manner, as to render it a blessing to others, as well as to myself. My idea of riches is a very contemptible one, when confined within the limits either of one's own chest, or one's own family.

We mean to stay long enough in the metropolis to see the *lions*, for it is all quite new, you know, to me, and my cousin says, she has never had time, when she has been in town, to see every thing. In the midst of this bustle, I cannot help telling you, that I am in a very uncomfortable predicament, in having no home : my Aunt has very kindly proposed my living with
her,

her, but that I am determined not to do; persons who are independent of each other, may *visit*, but not *reside* together. She is a very good little woman, and is very kind and considerate in my affairs: I find my spirits better than they were, which I must attribute to the constant bustle I have been in, which doubtless drives away thought: it is surprising, the effect a London life has, in these instances; I should be sorry, however, to live there, and fall into its gaities. I have, I must confess, been much entertained at two plays, since I came up; more so than I have been a long time, at any thing like an amusement: Mrs. Siddons surpasses my most sanguine expectations; her countenance has such wonderful expression in it, that every word comes strengthened from her eye. I have also seen *the* comic actress, and her powers are most extraordinary: I think myself very lucky, in being well enough to pass my judgment upon these much admired actresses.

I am

I am afraid I shall not relish the Opera; it will probably put me in mind of scenes that I have been endeavouring to forget, as the same Operas are come here now, that was acting in my days of jubilee abroad: unless Sophia, or my Aunt, makes a particular point of my going with them to one, I shall endeavour to avoid it. She is just entered with the proposals at the tip of her tongue, and in such a supplicating tone, that I am afraid I shall yield: I wish she would go with her Aunt, but she is never easy, or amused by any thing, if I am out of her sight; she is, in short, a *second Augusta*.

My complaisance has been put to the test, and to oblige my Aunt, I have consented to go this evening to the Opera: I shall not close my letter till I return; not from expecting any *incident* worthy a remark, but with the hope that it may turn out better than I expect, to enliven the finale of my ditty: I confess it wants something of that fort, but you may perceive

I am not as desponding as I used to be ; I speak of other things than my great malady, and for your sake, I will fly this moment from another reflection upon my state now, and what has preceded it.

I promised to be more amusing, and I have met the only person (except yourself) who could have given me spirits to keep my word. We had not been long seated at the Opera, before I discovered in an opposite box, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Danby, and with them a very handsome looking man : I observed to Sophia that there was my friend, whom I had so often mentioned to her at Swansea : upon looking at her for a reply, I perceived her face was like crimson ; and she then turned very pale, and I was really apprehensive that she would have fainted : I was alarmed, and asked my Aunt for her smelling bottle, which I applied with great success ; she soon recovered from her embarrassment, and said, " Oh my dear Louisa, there is Sir Thomas Stanhope : I am shocked at
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the emotions it occasioned to me : why did you awake my Aunt from her attention to the music? my change of countenance might otherwise have escaped her notice, and I fear when she descries Sir Thomas, she will at once suspect the cause." Fortunately she did not at least, *seem* to have discovered it: my cousin composed herself, and Sir Thomas took no notice of her. At the end of the act, Mr. Wentworth perceived me, and flew round like lightning; and as usual, we were of one accord, glad to see each other: I asked him who his friend was; (for he had brought *him* round, but not Mr. Danby,) I beg, said I, you will introduce me to a person I have heard you speak so favourably of: Sophia chid me with her looks, and I really saw she was seriously displeased with me, that I should press him into our company, as he was evidently avoiding *her*; not having had the good manners, even distantly to have acknowledged her, as his acquaintance. I felt the reproof, and was sorry I had said what I did; however, Mr.

Wentworth took great pleasure in obeying my commands ; and at the same time desired I would do the same friendly office for him with Mrs. and Miss Willoughby. It is impossible to conceive a face so full of expression, as poor Louisa's was at that moment : I who understand her looks, saw the anxiety she was under. He had made her a very low and respectful bow, upon his coming into our box, and there the matter would have rested, but for my officiousness, and I do not wonder her pride was hurt. In the course of the evening, he came up to my Aunt ; and he then turned round to Sophia, and said, " Madam, I hope you have been quite well, since I had the pleasure of seeing you ; I heard of you *the other day*, from Mr. Dashwood, who told me he had *taken you* to a dance at my Lord's, and from him I picked up a great deal of intelligence of all my friends." You remember the behaviour of this coxcomb to her ; now I was convinced he had been inventing a thousand falsehoods to her disadvantage :

tage : I perceived a vast constraint in Sir Thomas's manner ; I fancied too, that he looked dejected, or that, he was very formal, and the knight of the woeful countenance. In the coffee room, I asked Mr. Wentworth, if he was not reserved ; he said, " By no means ; but he feels himself rather awkwardly situated : he is violently attached to your cousin, and it seems, she rather gave him to suppose, that she did not dislike him, when they were last together. He has since been told, that she detests, and abuses him ; that she has a predilection for another man : but I cannot for all that, reconcile myself to her having turned my most agreeable friend, into ridicule : a man of sense, and fashion, may be rejected, if a lady's heart happens even to be engaged to his inferior ; but I think it is unnecessary to prove your attachment to one man, by detracting from the other. You see, my dear Miss Conway, I continue to say all I think to you, and I beg it may be entre nous, or I shall get into a scrape

with the Baronet." I exclaimed, "Entrenous, Mr. Wentworth! Oh no, that cannot be, any thing else I would have kept secret, if you had done me the honour to repose any confidence in me, but I *must* tell my cousin this: it is all false, that you have been told; I know who said this of her, it was the most contemptible fellow I ever heard of; a Mr. Dashwood, who I have heard much of: call upon us to-morrow, and I will *convince* you of the impertinence of this man."

He reproved me, though in a most gentle manner, for my prejudice against "poor Dashwood," who was a most good humoured man, and actually favored by my cousin: he had seen letters from her to Mr. Dashwood, in which the *nonsense*, Sir Thomas Stanhope had annoyed her with, was treated most ludicrously.

At this, I was really desperate; but we were observed, we were both so eager; I was forced, therefore, to moderate my indig-

indignation, and only to beg he would hear me the next morning; for though it was of no consequence to my cousin, I could not bear any thing untrue, should be said of her, for she never abused any body; and though she had the most nice observation, and a vast fund of wit, she never exercised it ill-naturedly, and I had heard her speak in very different terms, of Sir Thomas Stanhope, from what was represented, and of Mr. Dashwood, as a coxcomb, unworthy of a thought.

I conclude, that this man has forged some letters: I cannot bear this pleasant gentleman, should be so humbugged. We sat up very late, talking it over, when we got home: she says, that she had a presentiment, this man would do her some injury; and he seems to have taken the method, of all others, to mortify and hurt her most. Mr. Wentworth came, according to my request; and he has informed me, that what we suspected has happened, and that he has done her all the mischief

he could. He assured Sir Thomas, that "he had discovered so many things, to her disadvantage, that though he really was a little smitten, he would not now marry her for worlds. That she is both a great flirt, and a great jilt; that she has corresponded with a number of young men, but that at present, she professes to love none but Mr. Dashwood." I immediately related all I knew, and wished him to repeat it to his friend; but he represented to me, that the most serious consequences must ensue, from that mode of acting; and he begged leave to manage the matter, first with Dashwood, and make him fall down upon his marrow-bones to both parties; in the mean time, he should give Sir Thomas the most solemn assurances, that no such attachment had ever existed; but he must have patience, before he makes any enquiries. This being settled to our mutual satisfaction, he promised to come and see us in the country; and while he adheres to his promise, and I am an inmate at my Aunt's, I see no impropriety,

priety, in his keeping up an acquaintance, that he full well knows the extent of, and seems contented with my terms.

By the bye, I made Mr. Danby a number of courtesies at the Opera, but he never returned a single bow : he was with some very gay people, and affected not to see me ; he was certainly not near-fighted at Swansea. I told Mr. Wentworth of it, and he said, " he certainly was not near-fighted any where ; but that it was a way with our English fine gentlemen, to know you, or not know you, according to their situation and your's. He said, he had thought Danby quite grown superior to all that boyish vulgarity, for your real well bred men of fashion never did this rude thing ; which in the beau monde, is sometimes termed, *cutting a person.*" He says, Danby's only reason for exercising this new style of behaviour, he supposes, was because I was not known in town : if I was to be much in town, and was to be well introduced,

duced, he would undoubtedly have seen me, though I had been a mile off. I expressed my astonishment at it, and he said, "Oh I have frequently seen very beautiful girls, courtesy to a man, who possibly has been in their company an hundred times in the country, and I have seen a coxcomb stare her full in the face in town, and take no notice of her." I inveighed bitterly against this sort of *breeding* and folly, and he told me a particular instance, that diverted me; and as you my dear Augusta, are a novice, as well as myself, in English "*haut ton*," I will relate to you Mr. Wentworth's story:

A very beautiful girl, who had danced at many race balls, music meetings, &c. with a Mr. Browning, met him at the Opera, and he was standing close to her, upon which she spoke to him, thinking he had overlooked her; he put up his glass, looked through it ten minutes, and was off like a shot; leaving her as much astonished, as I was at our friend Mr. Danby's
inci-

incivility. By-and-bye, a great personage, who had also admired the young Lady in question, came up and spoke to her, with his usual civility, and condescension; while they were talking, the coxcomb walked up, upon which she had courage enough, to say, "Here is a shabby fellow! it is but just now, Sir, he *cut* me, but now you are pleased to honour me with your notice, he also remembers he has seen me before." The beau looked like a fool, and walked off.

This uninteresting detail, upon such an uninteresting animal, as I have been describing, I am afraid will wear you; but it is so unlike any thing I had been used to, that I could not pass it over in silence: poor Mr. Danby! I pity him, for his absurdity; I did not much lament it, as I never at Swansea thought his conversation very desirable.

My Aunt has fixed, to return, the day after to-morrow, and as I have written

this at all odd moments, I shall not seal it till I am just in the act of stepping into the carriage.

Sir Thomas Stanhope has written to my cousin, intreating her to forgive his abrupt manner, of asking if any engagement subsisted, between her and Mr. Dashwood: he owns, that no consideration ought to induce him to take such a liberty, but from some hints he had received from Mr. Wentworth, he suspected he had been cruelly misinformed, upon this account; and his happiness or misery depended, upon the reply she might condescend to give him.

I shall transcribe the reply that Sophia sent him:

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I own I am somewhat astonished, at the question contained in your letter, yet as I should be very sorry, if any one thought, I had an
engage-

engagement, with such a person as Mr. Dashwood; I beg leave to assure you, there is no person in the world, I have so slight an acquaintance with, or for whom I have so sovereign a contempt.

I am your most obedient

Humble servant,

SOPHIA WILLOUGHBY.

Here rests, for the present at least, the affair between them; and, as we leave town so soon, and I have an hundred things to do, I shall release you, after making you read such a long, and tedious account of nothing. You will be surprised that my mind can digest, such *whip syllabub*.

Your's most unalterably,

LOUISA CONWAY.

LETTER XVIII.

Miss Selway to Miss Conway.

I AM delighted, my dearest, best of friends, that your spirits are gradually mending, and that your health seems so entirely re-established: I do not despair of seeing you yet as cheerful as you were some years ago; why should you not? Do not, with an abundance of attractions, waste all your youth in deploring a misfortune that now is so entirely irremediable, when it is so much in your power to be happy yourself, and to confer happiness upon so many other people. I know you will be very angry with me for
what

what I am about to say, but I cannot help speaking my sentiments; for remember, that I have made no bargain, if Mr. Wentworth has; so I will tell you that I wish you would recall your determination upon his score. I am sure, was it not for this unfortunate remembrance of an attachment that *ought* now to be buried in oblivion, I say, but for this, you would have given your heart long ago to this charming man; I am really quite interested for him; he is calculated to make you a very happy woman, and doats upon you, though possibly has not the manner of speaking to you with that enthusiastic tone, that energetic look, that I remember in the ingrate who has, in the prime of my friend's life, cut short all her hopes, do not let me say all her best days; let me flatter myself that there are yet some happy moments remaining for her.

I must, my dear friend, really remark, that I do not think you are quite indifferent to him; you profess to have an extreme *friendship*, and that is a very nice distinction that I cannot *as yet* comprehend. I
really

really believe that you have attachment enough, whether you term it love or friendship, to be very happy together for life. Do not start at this word; you never would hear me upon this subject, but I am resolved to write my sentiments, though I know I shall have a severe reprimand.

I think it very romantic in two young people settling a plan of friendship, especially as he was in love with you from the first time of his seeing you, long before he ventured to declare it; for it was at one time visible to him, that his passion must be hopeless; but, as I have candidly told him the extent of your calamity, do not deceive yourself by supposing that he has not yet hopes of softening you to listen to him. I think he has an uncommon good heart, and I think both him and Freeman testified it particularly, in their zeal for poor Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Wentworth knows the General, and has a plan of getting this lovely young woman into his presence some time hence, that he
may

may have ocular demonstration of her perfections, before he knows ~~that~~ she is the person his son is to be disinherited for, "if he should marry her." I hope by this time, that she has heard from her husband, or I shall begin to suspect that he has repented his marriage. Mr. Freeman has made his appearance at Bath, within these two days, and I was really glad to see him; whether the remembrance of the many jovial days we had ensemble at Swansea was the cause that I have some latent penchant for this man, I know not, but certain it is I was very glad to see him (as I said before) come into the Pump Room; and I believe he perceived it, for he was very blithe and airy: he has one fault, and I think that, by no means, an inconsiderable one; being rather familiar. My mother is prodigiously disgusted, with the manners of gentlemen to ladies, in this age; but she very uncharitably attributes it, to our being more *easy* towards *them*: I do not, if this is the case, think we *mean* any worse than our grand-

grandmothers did, when they sat starched up, in high form, working skreens and chairs, and never looked towards the young gentlemen in their tye wigs and embroidered coats; but their papas and mammas used to settle *their unions*, upon their birth: little misses and masters, in swaddling clothes, were betrothed, in order to keep up the family; and whether they liked, or disliked one another, it was all one in the end. But why this long digression from Mr. Freeman? he said a great deal, to make me fancy it was I, that was the magnet at Bath, to him: he is always lamenting, his having *unluckily* run out of his fortune *almost*: now as I have a very pretty one, I am of opinion, provided he means no longer to play, or to be a rattle, that we might be equally happy, though it is possible, my mother will be of a different opinion; I hope not, for I do assure you, if he was to pop the question to me, I should be grieved to say nay, though we have not been longer acquainted; I do not think, we
are

are the more likely to be miserable, because we have had no difficulties, or wonderful adventures to relate ; it may be less romantic, but that is all.

Since I have written the above, I have found a difficulty indeed ; for my mother declares, that Mr. Freeman need not deceive himself, for she would never consent to my marrying such a dissipated young man, belonging to such a gay set of men ; who having been in the habit of gambling, &c. &c. can never make steady husbands ; and if I valued her peace, I should discourage all his overtures. Oh dear me, what is the use of being independent, and of age, if we may not do as we please ; but as it is only my duty, and affection, that binds me, and as I must certainly abound in both, for the best of mother's, I think poor Mr. Freeman has but little hopes : indeed I am of opinion, that if young women, took their parent's advice oftener, as to those they should not marry, there would be fewer
unhappy

unhappy matches, as they see without the film, that is generally before the young person's eyes; and it is really impossible, for an inexperienced girl, under the influence of an attachment of this nature, to judge for the best; one is apt to see every thing through a wrong medium.

Mr. Aubrey has said nothing yet, upon the subject; he waits, no doubt, to see *which way the wind lies*, for you know, mamma's opinion always biases him; at this time, I do not know how it would be, for he is very fond of Mr. Freeman, and thinks both he and Mr. Wentworth have very good hearts, however unfortunate they may have been, in their choice of fashionable companions.

We are much amused at Mr. Danby's fineness, and I long to see him, that I may have the pleasure of badgering him upon it. I should have expected it more from Miss Willoughby's *coxcomb*, as I thought the other, though not a very agree-

agreeable lady's man, not so absurd a creature, to *cut* his acquaintance in such a shabby manner. But to turn from this *beau*, to a subject something superior: I had this morning, the supreme pleasure of meeting Monsieur de Cologne, and with him, his son, who is quite an Englishman, is very elegant and handsome; his father had great reason to be proud of him. The old dear man, shook my hands a thousand times, and enquired for my charming friend, in the most tender manner: he has been informed, that his estates are confiscated, his houses burnt down, trees torn up by the roots: Oh, this merciless civil war! where will it end? He says, it is of less consequence to him to be deprived of these goods of this world, as he has secured *enough* ready money, to live in style here, to the end of his days; and his son's relations, by the mother's side, have quite adopted him, and he will be extremely rich. They mean to reside altogether, in England, as they have so many relations, and expectations here.

We

We are all impatience for Christmas, when we hope, nothing will prevent your coming to us, and bringing your cousin with you. This is the most beautiful town I ever saw: we came here rather too soon for the season: it is the ton, for people to spend the holidays at Bath, rather than at their family seats, as formerly; the exchange may be more jovial, for the young and giddy, but doubtless, our ancestors did the more respectable thing.

I have been introduced to the Masters of Ceremony, and feel for gentlemen, who spend their lives in bowing, and seldom give content. It is curious to see how mothers push their daughters on for places, and partners: I could make a number of nonsensical remarks, upon what I see, but as they are all common place, I shall postpone them, till at least, I have more time. I could also write a volume of the most *interesting* conversation, that has passed since this letter was began, between

tween Mr. Freeman, and myself; but I must *cut* him, and be fashionable. To be serious, my mother's wish, is a law to me; I will avoid him, therefore : and now my dearest Louisa, let me intreat you, once more, to keep your spirits up, and your thoughts constantly amused ; never suffer them again to recall to your mind, the person who has been the cause of all your woe ; and (if he is married to another,) who you cannot think of now, without a sin ; let the remembrance of your own consequence, and what is due to yourself, induce you to follow my advice ; and may you despise the author of your misfortunes. Heaven protect you.

AUGUSTA SELWAY.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

